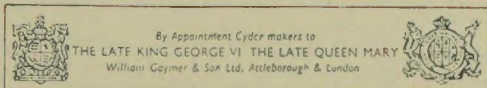


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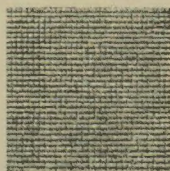
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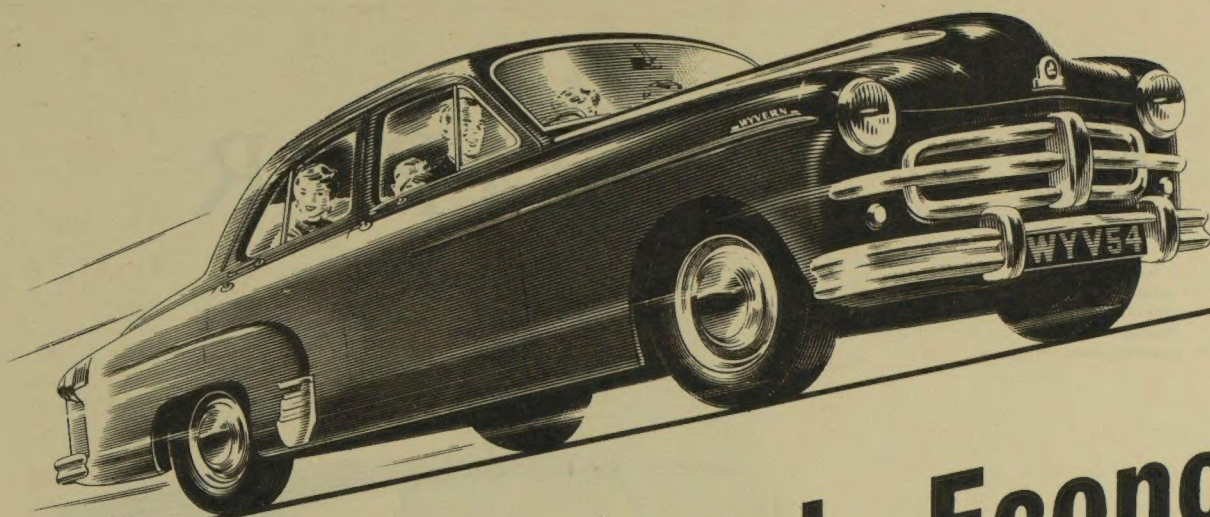


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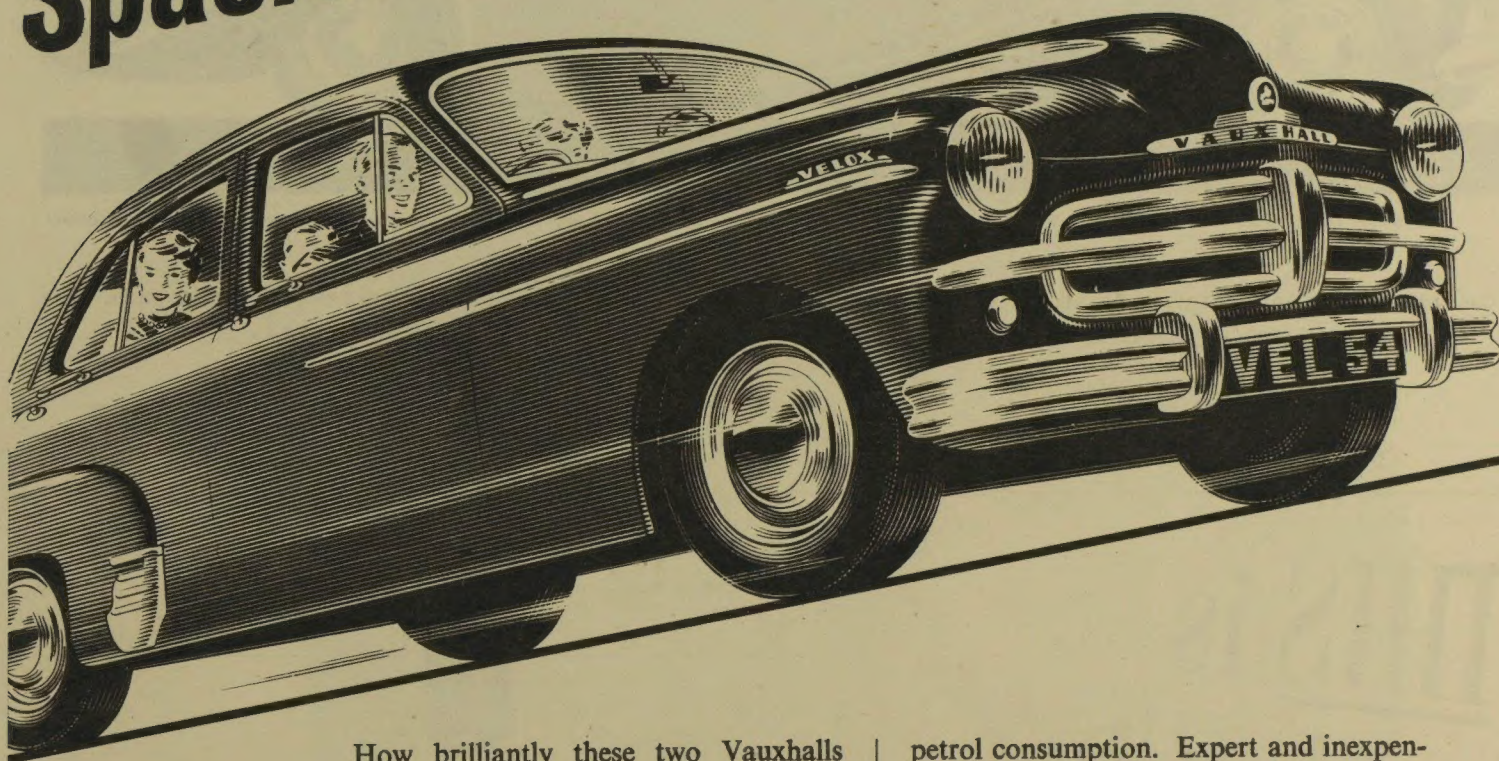


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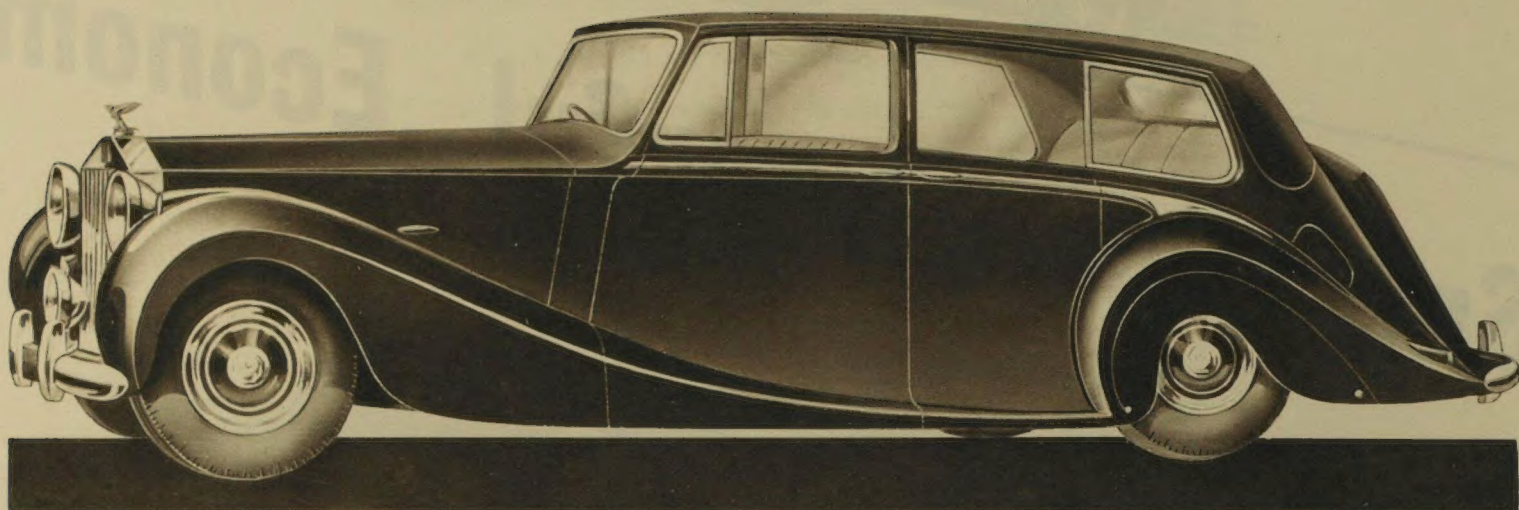
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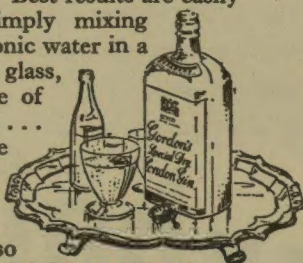
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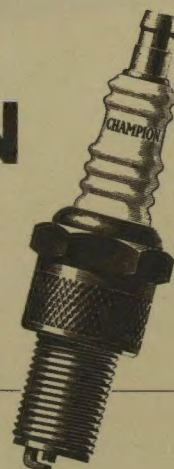
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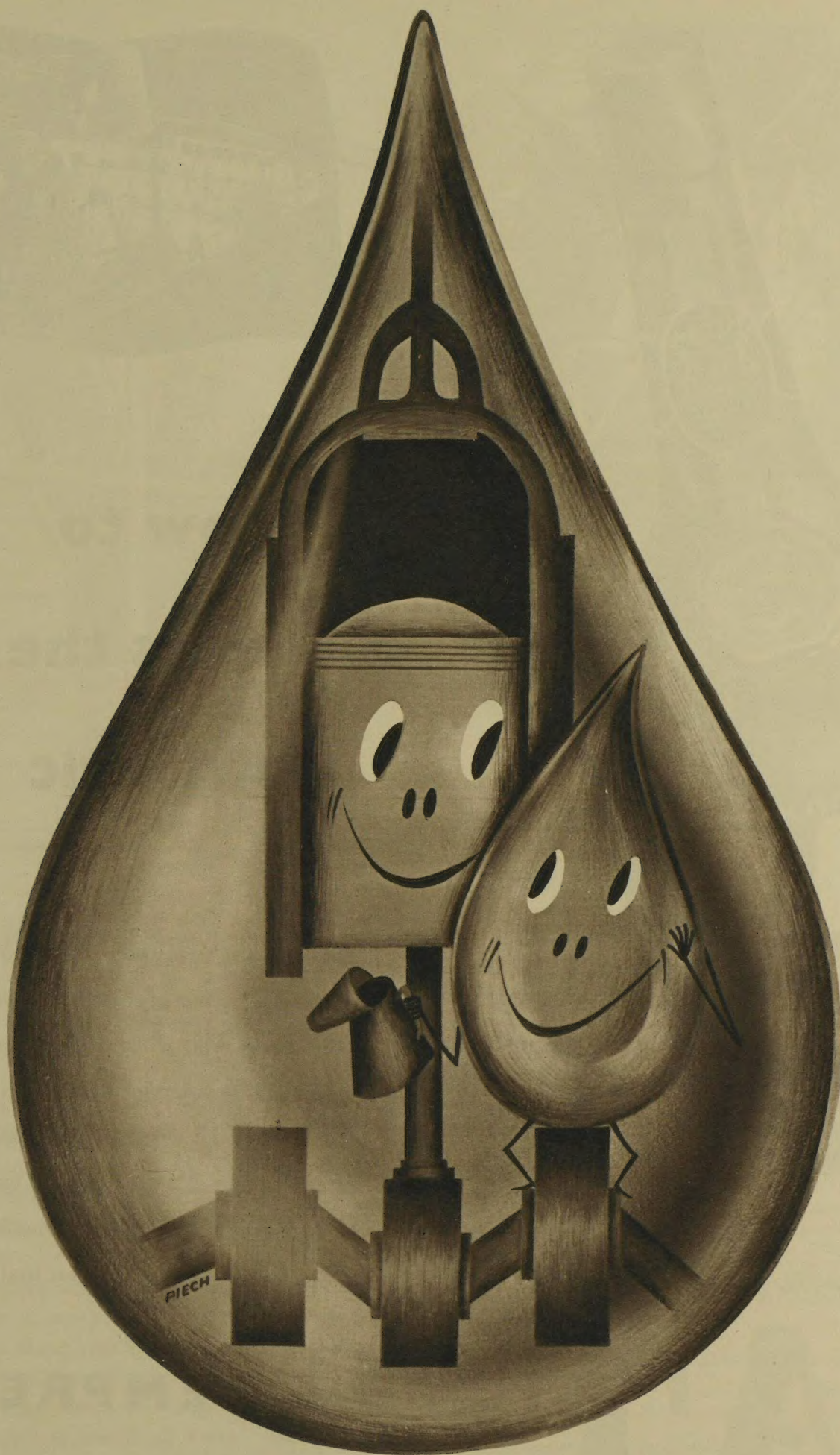


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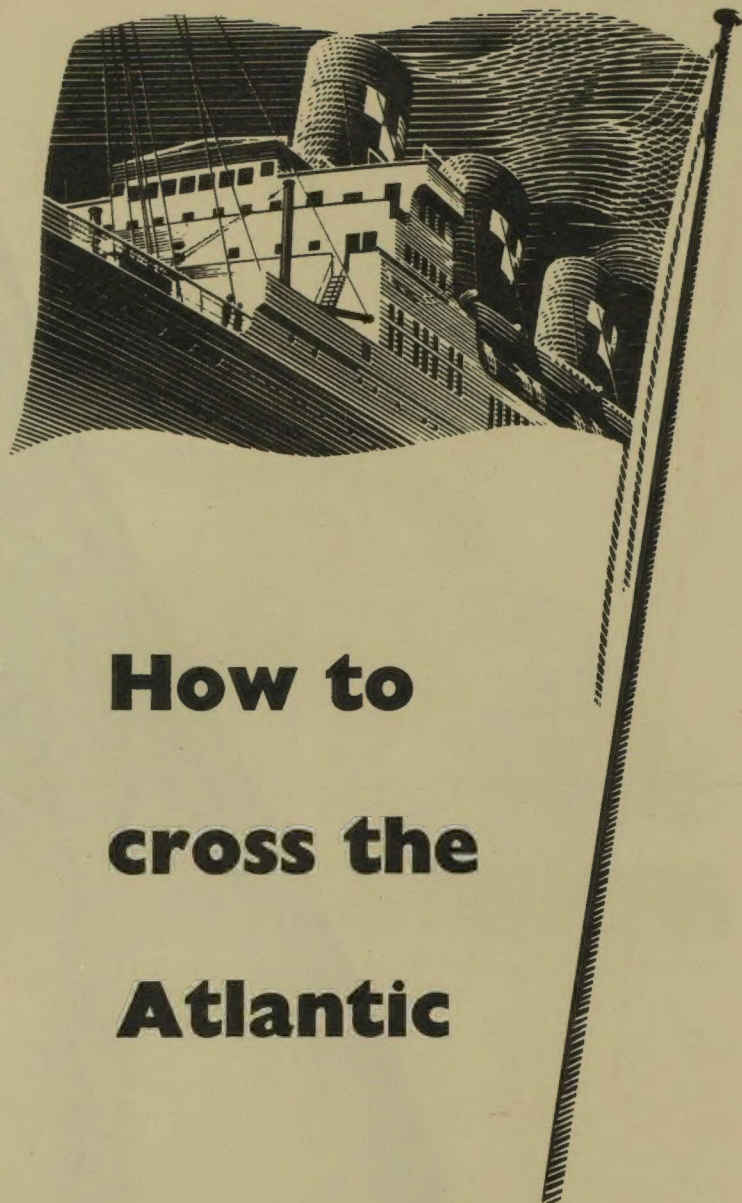
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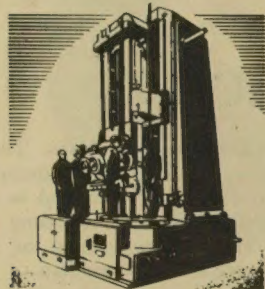
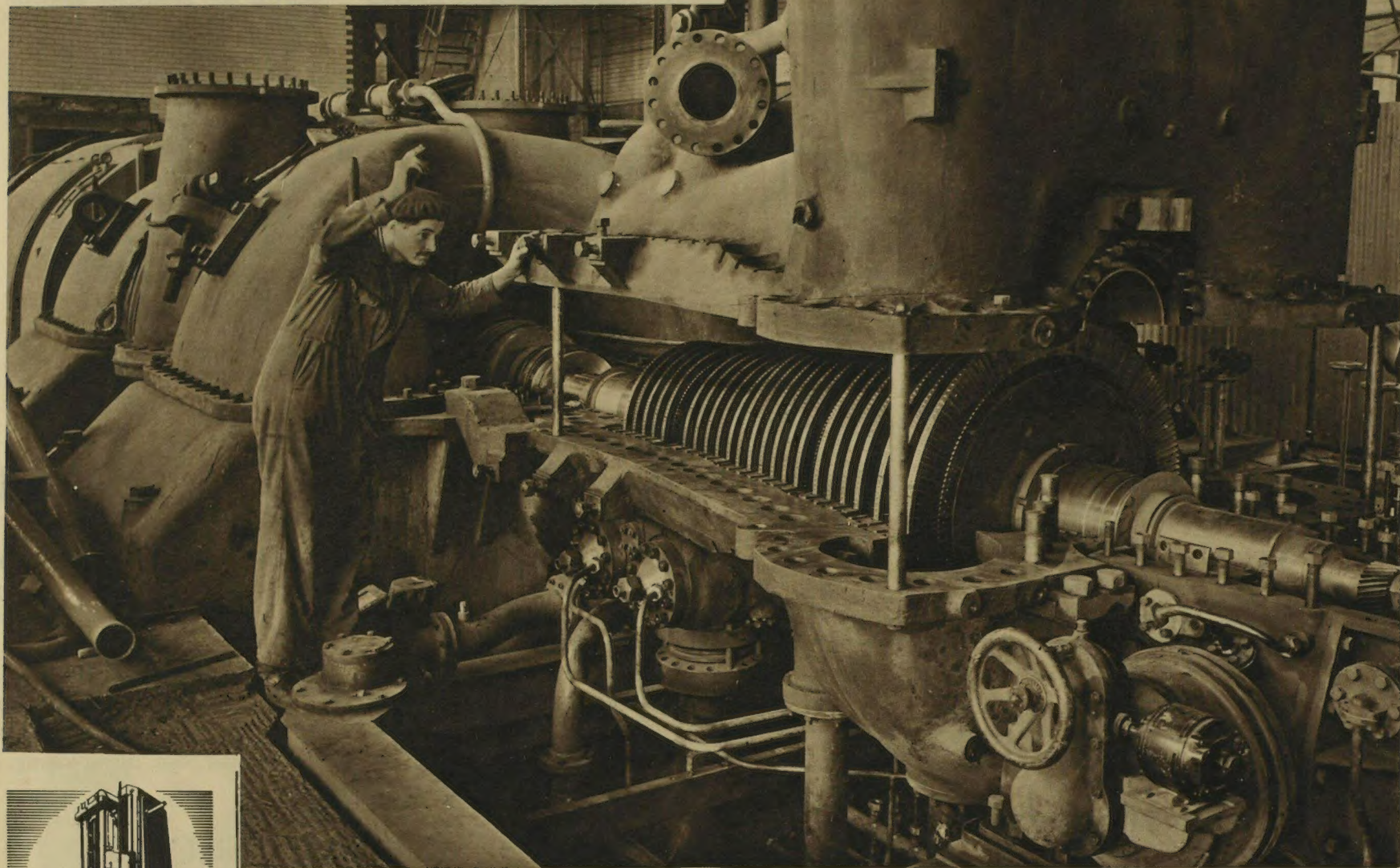
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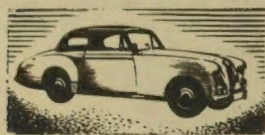
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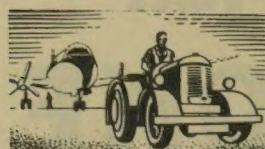
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1954.



"IT IS A JOY FOR ME TO-DAY TO ADDRESS YOU NOT AS A QUEEN FROM FAR AWAY, BUT AS YOUR QUEEN AND A PART OF YOUR PARLIAMENT": HER MAJESTY OPENING THE AUSTRALIAN FEDERAL PARLIAMENT AT CANBERRA.

As previously reported in our pages, the ceremony in which her Majesty the Queen opened the Australian Federal Parliament at Canberra on February 15 was a beautiful, unique and historic occasion. Never before has the Australian Parliament been opened by a reigning Sovereign; and for the ceremony the Queen wore her richly embroidered Coronation gown, a diamond tiara and the blue riband

and star of the Garter. She is here seen during the Speech from the Throne. On her left is the Duke of Edinburgh, in the tropical uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, and wearing the collar of the Garter; on her right is the President, Senator A. M. McMullin. Other pictures of the ceremonies of the day and of the Royal Tour in Australia appear elsewhere in this issue.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

AS Queen Victoria advanced in years she used to say that most people struck her as being a little mad! It is, of course, common form for those of advancing years to view the doings and sayings of a younger world in this way, though, looking back on the great Queen's reign and the new forces that began to dominate society as it neared its close, a historian may well reach the conclusion that the Queen was right. And I find in myself a growing tendency, like the statesman in the "Beggar's Opera," "to censor the age"—a tendency which is both human and, like so many human tendencies, not a little ridiculous. Yet there are some points on which I cannot help remaining stubbornly convinced that it is I who am sane and on which most of my contemporaries seem a little mad. One of these is the prevailing attitude towards speed on the highways. For it is an attitude which constitutes a denial of our claim to be a civilised and humane people, and which is based on the belief, or apparent belief, that human life is less important than the right of those controlling or occupying mechanical transport to travel fast. Though we fail in this matter to see ourselves objectively or as posterity is likely to see us, we are perpetuating and condoning, on a gigantic scale, the callousness of the imaginary eighteenth-century aristocrat in Dickens' melodramatic "Tale of Two Cities," who rode down a peasant with his coach and thought nothing of it. The indifference of the motor-driving public of mid-twentieth-century Britain towards life and limb is most gruesome and horrifying. Regularly, and as a matter of course, we permit about a quarter of a million people to be injured or killed on the roads every year.

The cause of the overwhelming majority of road accidents, so far as my own experience of nearly forty years' driving goes, is excessive speed: that is, an inability on the part of the drivers of vehicles to stop their vehicles before an accident happens. There are, of course, many other contributing causes, but if one is honest with oneself—which in this matter few motorists are—the fact remains that it is the inability to stop in time which results in disaster. It is not wholly fair to blame the individual motorist. It is a delightful thing, particularly if one is young and quick of nerve and eye, to drive a motor-vehicle swiftly and skilfully, particularly a high-powered one. There are a thousand reasons which may cause a motorist, private or commercial, to wish to reach his destination quickly. I have frequently driven a car fast myself—sometimes very fast—or been driven fast at my own wish and request. It is, in the last resort, wrong, but it scarcely ever seems wrong at the time. So long as the Law and public opinion permit the highways to be traversed by car-users in this way, the latter, being human, are certain to employ the power of high speed that their vehicles and their competing manufacturers offer them. The question is, ought the Law, which represents the moral belief of the community, to allow the highways to be used in this way? Is the ghastly toll of accidents on the road and of the incalculable suffering and misery inflicted by it something which can be properly accepted, as we accept it, as a matter of course?

I shall not attempt to discuss the ethics of fast driving in the open countryside. Obviously the latitude morally permissible on a wide country road must be very much greater than that which is permissible in a congested city. It is our attitude towards driving in towns which seems to me so shocking and depraved. During recent years the pace of traffic in the streets of London has been greatly increased, apparently in many places with the tacit acceptance, if not deliberate encouragement, of responsible authority. I am not suggesting that traffic blocks are any less frequent than they used to be, but that, regardless of public safety, a blind eye is being turned by authority on fast driving between such traffic blocks, presumably as a means of relieving them. One of the worst offenders seems to be the London Transport Board, a public and State-controlled,

State-supported authority. In the pursuit of some administrative and statistical ideal of efficiency, its drivers, we are told, are compelled at times to drive at speed to maintain their schedules. I do not know if this charge is administratively true, but I can speak from personal experience and observation of the pace at which drivers of buses travel on one particular piece of road—that between Kensington Gore and Knightsbridge, in the heart of London. It happens to be my daily habit when in London to cross this road at a point where a footgate opens into Hyde Park immediately opposite a street which gives pedestrian access to the Park from a populous residential area south of the highway. Yet athwart this crossing, which used to be marked by a Belisha beacon—now removed—large vehicles as well as small travel at a speed often of forty and even fifty miles an hour. Twice in the last few years I have seen a man lying prostrate in the gutter with a crowd around him and a damaged vehicle drawn up beside him, and I have lost count of the number of times the standard in the middle of the crossing has been smashed and subsequently renewed—at the expense of the ratepayers. Yet no attempt is made, by the police or the Ministry of Transport, to regulate the pace of the traffic descending and ascending the

slope, though thousands of vehicles every day consistently break the Law. Once I saw a young policeman standing at the corner and pointed out that a car had just come down the road at a speed of fifty or even sixty miles an hour. He agreed, but shrugged his shoulders. What, he said, could he do?

The truth is we have lost our sense of proportion about transport. Movement, fast or slow, is not an end in itself, but only a means to an end. The economic end of society is to enable its members to live as full and satisfactory a life as this world is capable of affording. Rapid transport and the pleasure of motoring may be a means to that end, but they can never be anything more than a minor one in a world where almost everything man requires and desires—including motor-cars themselves!—can of necessity only be created by static labour. If that means necessitates, as it does to-day, mass massacre on the high roads, the pollution of the air

of our cities by poisonous fumes, and the destruction of all peace and quiet in our streets and even in our parks—one of the avowed objects of the proposal to cut down the boundary trees in Hyde Park is to protect motorists—the price to be paid is out of all proportion to the good sought. Indeed, there seems to me to be an ultimate case for excluding private motorists—I speak objectively, for I am one myself—from our larger cities altogether. In the end, I believe, with the multiplication of cars this course may quite conceivably come to seem inevitable, and I note that the mind of the London County Council is already moving in this direction. Much as I detest needless interference with private liberty, private liberty carried to an extreme conclusion ceases to be liberty and becomes anarchy. To allow every man to traverse the streets of London in his own private car must ultimately, with the levelling-up of incomes and the corresponding cheapening of car production, end in its becoming impossible to move in the streets at all. Ample, cheap and efficient public transport, offering the maximum freedom of choice to the individual user, may prove to be the only logical answer for those who live or work in the heart of great cities. Taking the long-term view, the place for the private car and its garage seems to lie in the country and, for those who live in cities, at some convenient point on the city's fringe. I realise that such views are bound to be intensely unpopular with motorists and that they probably represent at present only those of a small and insignificant minority. Yet the impact of events may drive us to them and to a more balanced and less selfish way of viewing this great civic problem, which should surely be that of the greatest possible good of the greatest possible number.

THE PIPERS OF PAPUA.



MARCHING PAST THE QUEEN AT CANBERRA: THE PIPE BAND OF NATIVE TROOPS OF NEW GUINEA AND PAPUA, TAKING PART IN THE REVIEW OF THE AUSTRALIAN ARMED FORCES WHICH FOLLOWED THE OPENING OF THE AUSTRALIAN FEDERAL PARLIAMENT.

On February 15, after opening the Australian Federal Parliament, her Majesty the Queen reviewed units of the Australian armed forces, who with their Colours marched past a covered saluting-base in pouring rain. When the Queen commended Brigadier C. H. Kappe, the officer commanding the parade, on the bearing of his men, and remarked that their slouch hats kept the rain off their faces, he replied: "Yes, we Diggers carry our umbrellas on our heads." In the morning before the Opening of Parliament, the Queen had also met the administrators and reviewed military detachments from the Australian territories, on the lawn of Government House.



THE QUEEN AT WAGGA WAGGA: HER MAJESTY BEING ESCORTED BY THE MAYOR TO THE OFFICIAL DAIS FOR THE CIVIC RECEPTION. THE TEMPERATURE WAS IN THE NINETIES.



WAITING FOR THE ROYAL VISITORS IN A COASTAL TOWN FIFTY MILES FROM SYDNEY: THE CROWDS IN CROWN STREET, WOLLONGONG, WHO WELCOMED THE QUEEN IN CLOUDY, WINDY WEATHER.



AN R.A.A.F. GUARD OF HONOUR PRESENTS ARMS: THE SCENE AT ECHO POINT, KATOOMBA, ON FEBRUARY 12, AS THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVED.



LISTENING TO A SPEECH OF WELCOME READ BY A SCHOOLGIRL: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN BATHURST, WHERE HUGE CROWDS WELCOMED THEM.



ON THE WAY BACK FROM WOLLONGONG TO SYDNEY BY RAIL: THE QUEEN ACKNOWLEDGING GREETINGS FROM THE ROYAL TRAIN.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE SPECTACULAR JAMIESON VALLEY BELOW ECHO POINT: THE ROYAL VISITORS AT KATOOMBA, IN THE HEART OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS COUNTRY.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF NEW SOUTH WALES: THE QUEEN AT WOLLONGONG; KATOOMBA; BATHURST AND WAGGA WAGGA.

On February 11, the second day of their country tour in New South Wales, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove fifty miles to the south-coast town of Wollongong. The weather was cloudy, with a high wind, but some 120,000 people welcomed the Royal visitors. To avoid the strain of the drive back to Sydney, the Royal couple returned instead by rail. On February 12 the Queen and the Duke flew to Bathurst, where they were welcomed in brilliant sunshine by some 100,000 people. On the return journey by rail they paid a short visit to the coal-mining centre of Lithgow before reaching Katoomba, a popular resort in the heart of the Blue Mountains. At Katoomba only four presentations were

made as, in order to save the Queen from strain, the twelve men and two women members of the City Council had unanimously decided to forego the privilege of shaking hands with her Majesty. The Queen and the Duke spent their last night in Sydney on February 12, and next day took their leave of New South Wales at Wagga-Wagga, on their way to Canberra. At Wagga-Wagga, a country town and centre of the rich Riverina belt, the temperature was in the nineties, but the Queen, looking cool and fresh, stood on a covered platform during the civic reception, then visited a parade of ex-Servicemen before visiting the showground, where she watched sheep-shearing and boomerangs being hurled by an aborigine.

THE ROYAL TOUR: EVENTS AT CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA'S FEDERAL CAPITAL.



LAYING A WREATH ON THE COMMEMORATION STONE AT THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL, A CEREMONY WHICH TOOK PLACE IN THE PRESENCE OF RELATIVES OF THE FALLEN: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE.



THE QUEEN AT AUSTRALIA'S "SANDHURST": HER MAJESTY PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, DUNTRON, TO REPLACE THOSE HANDED OVER BY HER FATHER WHEN DUKE OF YORK.



WALKING THROUGH THE STATELY HALL OF MEMORY, WITH THE POOL OF REMEMBRANCE ON THE RIGHT: THE QUEEN AT THE NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL RECORDING AUSTRALIA'S GRATITUDE TO AMERICA FOR HELP IN THE PACIFIC WAR: HER MAJESTY.

During their stay, from February 13 to February 18, at Canberra, the Federal Capital of the Commonwealth of Australia, her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh fulfilled a programme which included ceremonies of great and solemn dignity. The opening by the Queen of a special session of the Federal Parliament was of the greatest historical import; but there were others of a deeply moving nature. These included the visit to the Australian National War Memorial, a great stone pile that contains a museum and art gallery, when the Royal visitors laid a wreath on the Stone of Remembrance, and the unveiling on February 16 of the monument,

a tapering octagonal aluminium-sheathed shaft, 258 ft. high, surmounted by a sphere bearing an aluminium American eagle, which records Australia's gratitude to the United States for the help she gave in the Pacific War. Another important event was the Queen's visit to the Royal Military College, Duntroon, to present new Colours to replace those given by the late King George VI. when Duke of York. On arrival at the airport on February 13 from Wagga-Wagga, the Queen was greeted by Field Marshal Sir William Slim, the Governor-General; and the members of the Government were presented to her.



LINED UP FACING PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CANBERRA, WITH THE STATUE OF GEORGE V. IN THE CENTRE: UNITS OF THE AUSTRALIAN ARMED FORCES WHICH THE QUEEN REVIEWED.



ARRIVING TO OPEN THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT OF THE COMMONWEALTH: THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND (BEHIND THEM) MR. MENZIES, THE PRIME MINISTER. THE ROYAL TOUR: THE QUEEN ARRIVING TO OPEN THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT, AND UNITS OF THE AUSTRALIAN ARMED FORCES.

The opening of the third session of the twentieth Federal Parliament of the Commonwealth on February 15 by Queen Elizabeth II. was one of the historic events of the Royal tour. Her Majesty wore her splendid Coronation dress, with a diamond tiara and necklace and the ribbon and insignia of the Garter; and the Duke of Edinburgh was in the tropical uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, with the collar of the Garter. The hills round the vale of Canberra were grey with mist, and rain fell; but practically the whole population of Canberra

came out to greet the Queen and the Duke as they drove from Government House to the provisional Parliament building, a low, white structure which will eventually be replaced by something more imposing. Opposite to it stands the statue of George V., her Majesty's grandfather, in ceremonial robes; and round the monument were drawn up units of the Australian Armed Forces. Later, bearing their illustrious colours, they marched past the Queen and the Duke, who occupied a covered saluting-base opposite to the Royal memorial.

DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CREATOR OF "ALICE."

"THE DIARIES OF LEWIS CARROLL"; EDITED By ROGER LANCELYN GREEN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE diaries which Lewis Carroll kept all his adult life were used by his nephew, Stuart Dodgson Collingwood, in his "official" "Life and Letters." They have been in the possession of his family ever since, and they are now laid open to the world. "The fact," says Mr. Green, "that the Diaries have been inaccessible to the general critic, biographer, and research student has led to the suggestion that they contain information about Lewis Carroll... that the world at large could not read. I have been permitted to read every word of the Diaries; no embargo has been laid on any sentence in them, and this Book contains all that the Diaries have to tell. This does not apply to every reference to other members of the Dodgson family: Lewis Carroll, with rare kindness and family affection, interested himself in the fortunes of even his more distant relatives, bringing help and assistance where these were needed. Thus family troubles were, naturally, entered in the Diaries, and family feeling has as naturally wished to keep these personal matters private." But it matters not how blameless a man's record, the remorseless peerers will still maintain that there is more in it than meets the eye. Not long ago I read a quite able, but to me faintly unpleasant, book about Carroll by a lady who wore the fashionable Freudian spectacles. The morbid streak in him was found in this dear saint and scholar's lifelong delight in the society of small girls, which is often happily revealed in these diaries. But if a man wishes to escape the attentions of these people he had better not keep diaries at all. Set down three or four times such an entry as "Scrambled eggs for breakfast again, I am glad to say," and they will deduce therefrom an unholy passion for red-haired widows, with M. or N. as their initials, and slight casts in their right eyes.

I had better make it clear from the start that Carroll was, and did not attempt to be, a remarkable diarist. He kept his records to please himself; he can have had no notion of publication; he missed all sorts of opportunities of describing, at length, memorable occasions, men, and conversations, and frequently all we are given are the bare rudiments of his movements. Mr. Green has supplied a mass of linking and explanatory material which he has ingeniously incorporated in the text instead of in footnotes; and his labours have certainly made the volumes more consistently interesting to the reader who

conscience, his enthusiasm for photography (at which he was notably good) and his addiction to the theatre; and, by dint of Mr. Green's good offices, we are introduced to many amusing scraps of verse and prose by him which, to most of us, will be new. But there is so much which is tame and drily terse that I think it likely, if the diaries are ever to be widely read, it will be in the form of more portable "selections"—which I am sure Mr. Green is fully qualified to make.

Take, for instance, a page like this—I omit Mr. Green's notes:

June 18 (W.) Went to Brompton to breakfast with Uncle Skeffington, and afterwards paid a second visit to the Royal Academy. Uncle Skeffington dined with us at Putney. Called on Mr. Toynbee, the aurist.

June 19 (Th.) The Murdocks were brought over in the afternoon to be photographed, and stayed for the evening.

June 20 (F.) Left for Croft, where I arrived about 8.30 in the evening. I heard the other day from Mr. Yates, saying that he has had an interview with Arnold and hopes to be able to arrange for having some of his writings in *The Train* (Arnold proposed to try an essay on *Hypatia* and another descriptive of Oxford life).



THE ORIGINAL "ALICE": ALICE LIDDELL (LATER MRS. REGINALD HARGREAVES), PHOTOGRAPHED BY DODGSON, c. 1858.

ELLEN TERRY, PHOTOGRAPHED BY DODGSON ON JULY 14, 1865. (Reproduced by Courtesy of the Gernsheim Collection.)

Illustrations from the books "The Diaries of Lewis Carroll," by Courtesy of the publishers, Cassell and Company, Ltd.

July 7 (M.) Went over to Whitburn in the afternoon.

July 12 (Sat.) Returned to Croft.

July 22 (Tu.) Wrote the second part of "The Three Voices" into *Mischmasch*. I am thinking of sending it to Yates as an experiment.

One hasn't to be a Carroll to make entries like that. It would even be fair to say that had Carroll's Oxford scout or laundress kept a daily journal it might well have been at least as lively. But there are other pages where more trouble is taken with themes of more perennial interest.

This is especially true when the diarist is away from his Oxford work, and from his immediate circle. He is frequently full and entertaining—always oddly independent in his judgments—about plays and paintings; the history of his career as an author is naturally fascinating; and now and then he does give us graphic pictures of some of his more eminent contemporaries. There are several pages from the diary for 1857 (he was but twenty-five) describing visits to the Tennysons in the Lake District. Here is the first encounter (needless to say, Carroll's object in calling was "to ask leave to take the children's pictures"): "I asked for Mrs. Tennyson, as I had seen her before, and was shown into the drawing room. After I had waited some little time the door opened, and a strange, shaggy-looking man entered: his hair, moustache and beard looked wild and neglected: these very much hid the character of the face. He was dressed in a loosely-fitting morning coat, common grey flannel waist-coat and trousers, and a carelessly-tied black silk neckerchief. His hair is black: I think the eyes too; they are keen and restless—nose aquiline—forehead high and broad—both face and head are fine and manly." Tennyson, photographed by Dodgson on September 28, 1857. (Reproduced by Courtesy of the Gernsheim Collection.)

does not skim. But for all that I think that he has produced what, as a whole, will serve in the future rather as a magazine of information for future writers than as a familiar companion for the ordinary reader. We certainly are left, at the end, with an adequate self-portrait of this shy, stammering don, with his alert

The Illustrated London News, is going to begin. A friend of his, Edmund Yates, is the Editor, and, most hopeful of all, they have got *Phiz* as one of their artists. . . . I wrote, saying I should be happy to send them things at odd times, but I could not be a regular contributor, and enclosing some verses on Moore's *Gazelle* which I sent to *Punch* last term, where they did not appear. . . .

The verses appeared in that periodical with the over-confident name, and they had a brief introduction explaining the title, "Poetry for the Million." "The nineteenth century," it began, "has produced a new school of music, bearing about the same relation to the genuine article, which the hash or stew of Monday does to the joint of Sunday. We allude . . . to the prevalent practice of diluting the works of earlier composers with washy modern variations, so as to suit the weakened and depraved taste of this generation: this invention is termed 'setting' by some, who, scorning the handsome offer of Alexander Smith, to 'set this age to music,' have determined to set music to this age." Were he living to-day I wonder what he would say when he heard bands of trumpets and saxophones syncopating Chopin or the "Moonlight Sonata."

A little later Yates, now editing another sheet, asked him to propose a pseudonym for his contributions, and he records: "Wrote to Mr. Yates sending him a choice of names: 1. *Edgar Cuthwellis* (made by transposition out of 'Charles Lutwidge'); 2. *Edgar U. C. Westhill* (ditto). 3. *Louis Carroll* (derived from *Lutwidge-Ludovic-Louis*, and *Charles [Carolus]*). 4. *Lewis Carroll* (ditto)." A note records that "Lewis Carroll was chosen," and little can Mr. Yates have guessed as to the world-wide and enduring fame which that nom-de-plume would win.



CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON (LEWIS CARROLL), PHOTOGRAPHED BY O. G. REJLANDER, MARCH 28, 1863. (Reproduced by Courtesy of the Gernsheim Collection.)

In 1857 (when apparently this periodical had a correspondence column), Carroll, over the signature of "A Mathematical Tutor, Oxford," wrote a letter to *The Illustrated London News* on the subject of "Where does the day begin?" It is quoted here and would have given me a headache had I really applied myself to working it out.

The photographs in these volumes, many of them by Dodgson himself, are numerous and good. There is an unusual one of Tennyson, looking the handsomest of brigands.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 334 of this issue.



"HIS HAIR, MOUSTACHE AND BEARD LOOKED WILD AND NEGLECTED: THESE VERY MUCH HID THE CHARACTER OF THE FACE. . . . HIS HAIR IS BLACK: I THINK THE EYES TOO; THEY ARE KEEN AND RESTLESS—NOSE AQUILINE—FOREHEAD HIGH AND BROAD—BOTH FACE AND HEAD ARE FINE AND MANLY"; TENNYSON, PHOTOGRAPHED BY DODGSON ON SEPTEMBER 28, 1857. (Reproduced by Courtesy of the Gernsheim Collection.)

does not skim. But for all that I think that he has produced what, as a whole, will serve in the future rather as a magazine of information for future writers than as a familiar companion for the ordinary reader. We certainly are left, at the end, with an adequate self-portrait of this shy, stammering don, with his alert

* "The Diaries of Lewis Carroll." Now first Edited and Supplemented by Roger Lancelyn Green. Two Volumes. Illustrated. (Cassell; 30s. each.)

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CEYLON IN BRITAIN: SIR CLAUDE COREA.

Sir Claude Corea on February 16 assumed office as High Commissioner for Ceylon in Britain. Born in 1894, he entered politics in 1930, and was three times President of the Ceylon National Congress. Elected a member of the Ceylon State Council in 1931, he was Minister of Labour, Industry and Commerce 1936-46; and was appointed first Ceylonese Ambassador to the U.S. in 1948. He represented his Government in London from 1946 to 1948.



WINNER OF THE LADIES' WORLD FIGURE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP HELD AT OSLO: FRAULEIN GUNDI BUSCH, OF GERMANY (CENTRE).

The European Champion, Fraulein Gundi Busch, of Germany, won the Ladies' World Figure Skating Championship at the Bislet Stadium, Oslo, on February 19, when she skated without a fault and in her best style. Runner-up was Miss Tenley Albright, U.S.A. (left), who was last year's champion, whilst the British girl, Miss Erica Batchelor, finished third.



"CONFESSED" TO GERM WARFARE CHARGES: COLONEL F. SCHWABLE.

In Washington a Court of Inquiry is considering whether the treatment received by Colonel F. Schwable, of the U.S. Marine Corps, was bad enough to justify his making a false confession regarding germ warfare to the Communists in Korea. Colonel Schwable, who has a distinguished war record, claims that the Communists tortured him into making a written "confession" which he has since repudiated.



TO BE KENYA POLICE CHIEF: COLONEL A. E. YOUNG.

The Colonial Office announced on February 19 that Colonel A. E. Young, Commissioner of Police for the City of London, is going to Kenya temporarily as Commissioner of Police in succession to Colonel M. O'Rourke, who is retiring. Colonel Young, who is forty-six, returned to England last May from Malaya, where he had been specially seconded as Commissioner of Police, and had spent fourteen months reorganising Malaya's police force.



APPOINTED SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER, ATLANTIC: VICE-ADMIRAL WRIGHT.

Vice-Admiral Jerauld Wright, U.S. Navy, has been appointed Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic, as from April 12. Born in 1898, he has been C-in-C. U.S. Naval Forces Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean since 1952. He succeeds Admiral McCormick.



LEAVING FOR PERSIA: SIR ROGER AND LADY STEVENS.

Sir Roger Stevens arrived in Teheran with his wife on February 18 to take up his appointment as the first Ambassador to Persia since diplomatic relations were severed in October 1952. On his arrival Sir Roger said that he would continue the good work of Mr. Denis Wright, former Chargé d'Affaires, and hoped that a settlement of the oil problem would soon be reached.



NEW L.C.C. CHAIRMAN: MR. VICTOR MISHCON.

Mr. Victor Mishcon, Labour Member of L.C.C. for Brixton since 1946, is to be Chairman of the London County Council for 1954-55, in succession to Mrs. Douglas Bolton. Mr. Mishcon, who is thirty-eight, was Lambeth Borough Councillor 1945-48 and Chairman of the Public Control Committee, 1947-52. He was Chairman of the Road Safety Committee, 1945-48, and is a member of the Committee of Inquiry into London Transport which is now sitting.



H.M. THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTER, MR. R. G. MENZIES, WITH HER HIGH COMMISSIONERS IN AUSTRALIA. In this photograph, which was taken at Government House, Canberra, during the Royal Tour, are (from left to right), Sir Stephen Holmes (United Kingdom); Mr. W. Arthur Irwin (Canada); Mr. R. G. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia; Mr. Habibur Rahman (Pakistan); her Majesty the Queen; Mr. C. E. L. Alderton (New Zealand); H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh; General K. M. Cariappa (India); Mr. G. C. Nel (South Africa); Mr. J. Aubrey Martensz (Ceylon); and Captain George F. L. Stivala (Commissioner, Malta).

FLEMISH ILLUMINATED MSS. AT THE R.A.: SACRED AND HISTORIC SCENES.



"THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS," THE MINIATURE ON THE PAGE EXHIBITED OF THE CHRONICLE OF ST. ALBANS, IN ENGLISH. ILLUMINATED BY THE SO-CALLED MASTER OF EDWARD IV., c. 1470-1480. (Lambeth Palace Library.)



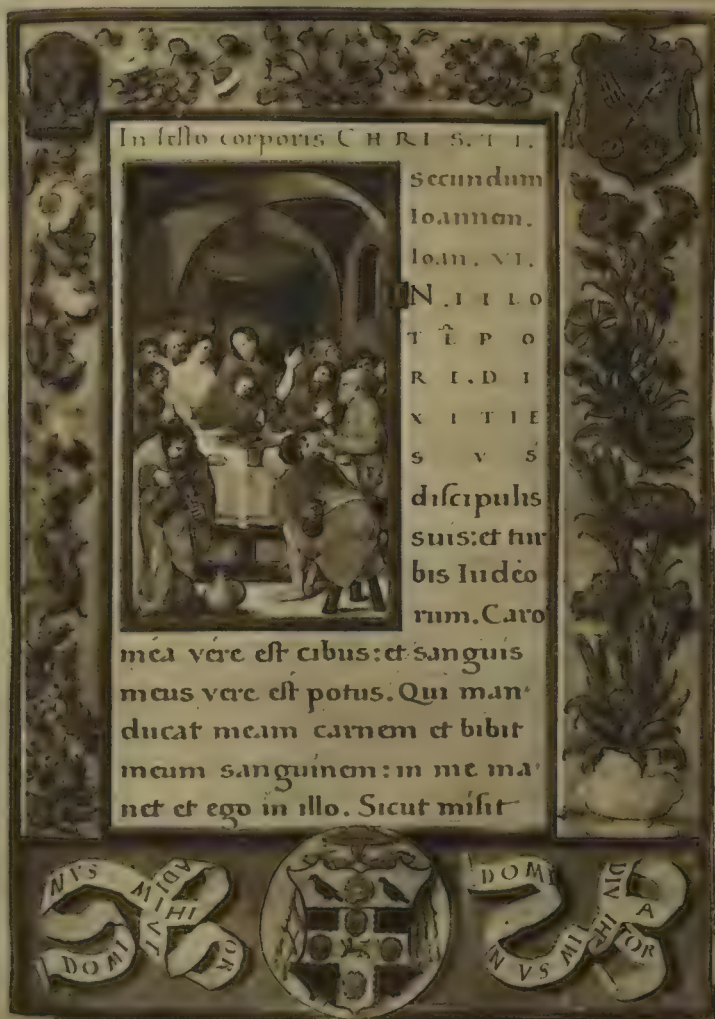
"THE DANCE OF THE WILD MEN AT THE COURT OF CHARLES VI.," THE MINIATURE EXHIBITED FROM FROISSART'S CHRONICLES, VOLUME 4, IN FRENCH. MADE FOR LOUIS DE BRUGES, SEIGNEUR DE LA GRUUTHUYSE, c. 1470. (Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.)



"THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD RECEIVING QUEEN ISABEL AT THE CITY GATES," THE MINIATURE ON THE PAGE EXHIBITED FROM THE CHRONIQUE DES COMTES DE FLANDRES VOL. II, COMPLETED, 1477; PRESENTED TO MARGARET OF YORK BY MARY OF BURGUNDY. (Earl of Leicester.)



"IN ANSWER TO A MOTHER'S PRAYERS THE VIRGIN BRINGS BACK A DEAD INFANT TO LIFE," THE MINIATURE ON THE PAGE EXHIBITED FROM JEHAN MIELOT'S LES MIRACLES DE NOTRE DAME, IN FRENCH. ILLUMINATIONS BY PHILIPPE DE MAZEROLLES, c. 1460. (Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.)



"THE LAST SUPPER," THE MINIATURE EXHIBITED FROM THE GOSPELS IN LATIN. MADE FOR CARDINAL WOLSEY IN 1529. (Magdalen College, Oxford.)

The Illuminated Manuscripts on view in the Royal Academy Exhibition of Flemish Art, form what Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., calls in his preface to the exhibition catalogue, a "breathtaking illustration of the history of Flemish illumination." The collection was assembled with the aid of Dr. Otto Pächt, of Oriel College, Oxford, and includes the manuscripts from which the illustrations on this and the facing page were taken. In each case we show the miniature exhibited, but in three instances the entire page is not reproduced. The *Chronique des Comtes de Flandres* was illuminated by the Master of Mary

of Burgundy and written in the scriptorium of David Aubert at Ghent. Jehan Mielot's *Les Miracles de Notre Dame*, made for Philip the Good, was probably written by David Aubert. Froissart's *Chronicles*, illuminated by the Master of Anthony of Burgundy, contains the painting of the dance of the wild men, which ended in tragedy. The Duke of Orleans held a torch too close, and their clothing of linen, covered in pitch stuck with simulated hair, caught fire. Four died of burns, one was saved by flinging himself into water for washing dishes in the buttery. King Charles VI., the leader, escaped.

FLEMISH ILLUMINATIONS—LAY AND BIBLICAL: AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.



"FIRST ANNUAL ELECTION OF A DUKE BY THE BELGIANS," THE MINIATURE EXHIBITED FROM THE *CHRONIQUES DE HAINAUT*, VOL. II., BY JACQUES DE GUISE, FRENCH TRANSLATION BY SIMON NOCKART. MADE FOR A MEMBER OF THE BERLAIMONT FAMILY, c. 1500. (Earl of Leicester.)



"RURAL SCENE AS FRONTISPIECE TO GEORGICS," THE MINIATURE EXHIBITED FROM THE WORKS OF VIRGIL, VOL. I., IN LATIN, ILLUMINATED BY THE MASTER OF MARGARET OF YORK AND BY THE MASTER OF THE PRAYER-BOOKS. (Earl of Leicester.)



"THE STORY OF PALLAS AND ARACHNE," THE MINIATURE EXHIBITED FROM THE WORKS OF OVID IN LATIN, WRITTEN AND ILLUMINATED IN 1497 AT GHENT FOR RAPHAEL DE MARCATEL. (Earl of Leicester.)

Continued.]

of Leicester and Mr. C. W. Dyson Perrins, while public bodies such as the Bodleian Library, the Fitzwilliam Museum and various others have allowed their treasures to be shown. The story of Pallas and Arachne relates how Arachne,

THE magnificent illuminated manuscripts which form an important section of the great Flemish Art Exhibition, 1300-1700, at the Royal Academy Galleries, Burlington House, are catalogued in chronological order—an arrangement of great assistance to students; but it should be noted that, from æsthetic reasons, this order is not strictly followed in the arrangement of the exhibits in the show-cases. On this and the facing page we reproduce examples from this particularly fine and arresting section of the Flemish Exhibition, to which the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, have made important contributions. Private lenders are headed by her Majesty the Queen, and include the Earl

[Continued on left.]

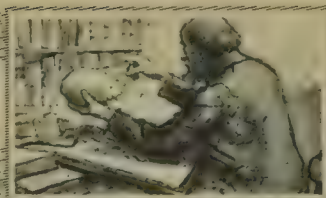


"THE VISION OF THE THRONE OF GOD SURROUNDED BY THE TWENTY-FOUR ELDERS," THE MINIATURE EXHIBITED FROM THE APOCALYPSE. THE FIRST SIX PICTURES BY THE MASTER OF A FLEMISH ATELIER OF c. 1400. (Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.)

having learnt how to weave, challenged the Goddess to a match. Pallas Athene, offended, tore up Arachne's web representing the loves of the gods, and Arachne hanged herself; but Pallas Athene transformed her into a spider.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CATS' ECONOMY OF EFFORT.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

"TALKING of animal adoption," said the bo'sun's mate. . . . That is where W. W. Jacobs and similar writers of fiction have this advantage, of an opening gambit which never appears incongruous to what follows. Since cats form my present subject, and bearing in mind the recent news of a human child alleged to have been adopted by wolves, the following is not inappropriate. In the *Gentleman's*



POISE PERSONIFIED: THE DOMESTIC CAT, ALERT YET TRANQUIL, HAS AN AIR OF SELF-RELIANCE AND INDEPENDENCE, WHICH HAS GIVEN RISE TO THE IDEA THAT CATS ARE NOT DOMESTICATED BUT HAVE ADOPTED MAN TO THEIR OWN ADVANTAGE. THIS IS PERHAPS A DELUSION ARISING FROM THE PATTERN OF THEIR BEHAVIOUR, ESPECIALLY OF THEIR POWERS OF INHIBITION OF NEURO-MUSCULAR TENSIONS.

Magazine of 150 years ago is told the story of a cat belonging to Mr. James Greenfield, of Maryland, which had started bringing mice and other small animals to her kittens. Among these she brought a young rat. "The kittens, probably not being hungry, played with it; and when the cat gave suck to them, the rat likewise sucked her. This having been observed by some of the servants, Mr. Greenfield was informed of it. He had the kittens and rat brought downstairs, and put on the floor; and in carrying them off, the cat was remarked to convey away the young rat as tenderly as she did any of the kittens. This experiment was repeated as often as any company came to the house, till great numbers had become eye-witnesses of the preternatural affection." Gilbert White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," tells also of a cat, whose kittens "were dispatched and buried," adopting an orphaned leveret. There are, doubtless, many other such stories.

It is a popular idea that the cat has not been domesticated as has the dog. Rather, that it has adopted man. The thought is implicit in Kipling's "The Cat that Walked Alone." In fact, from this idea, coupled with the stories quoted above, we might be led to credit cats with unlimited powers of adoption. There can hardly be any doubt that the idea applied to the human race is false. The ease with which cats can become feral suggests the contrary, but the wildness they show when their bondage with man is severed, as compared with the serenity of a cat in his household, is sufficient proof that the animal is domesticated and accepts this state with an apparent acquiescence. There are those who see in this a higher level of intelligence than is found in dogs: which may or may not be true. It is no more possible to compare the mental attainments of the two animals than

it is to compare the effects of wind and sun, or any other pair of diverse elements.

The apparent acquiescence, the seeming independence and the other qualities we associate with a domestic cat probably spring more from its capacity for inhibition than from any other single factor. An understanding of this helps to make clearer whether or no cats are truly domesticated.

Coghill, the American anatomist, in his studies of the tailed amphibians, showed that in the early stages the embryo responded to a stimulus by a movement in the whole of the musculature. At this stage the limbs had not yet appeared and such response was of the type he called total-pattern. As the limbs developed they at first participated in the total-pattern, but later developed some capacity for individual movement, still within the total-pattern. And although the limbs, and parts of limbs, achieved a partial independence of movement, their emancipation from the total-pattern, even in the adult, is never complete. The tailed amphibians, the newts and salamanders, are mainly aquatic. Their swimming demands no more than this partial emancipation from the total-pattern; but their movements on land are awkward because of it. The development of terrestrial locomotion is linked with the greater degree of independent action in the separate parts of the body, the limbs, parts of limbs, and so on. Arguing then from Coghill's embryological researches all bodily movement consists of a total-action pattern, an integrated whole, and the movement of an individual limb is to some extent subordinate to and under the control of the total organism. In walking, the limbs execute the requisite movements, but the direction taken resides in the action taken by the organism as a whole.

The further argument advanced by Coghill, and this leads us back more particularly to our cat, is that immediately prior to a localised action the total action is inhibited, and it is within this "field of total inhibition that the local reflex emerges. The reflex may, therefore, be regarded as a total-behaviour pattern which consists of two components, one overt or excitatory, the other covert or inhibitory."

These arguments are not easy to follow, in relation to the pattern of animal behaviour, largely because they introduce an idea new to popular experience, namely, that correct bodily control is largely a matter of inhibition.



GIVING THE APPEARANCE OF COMPLETE RELAXATION: A CAT IN REPOSE WITH BODY RELAXED AND HEAD WATCHFUL. ITS FIRST ACTION ON BEING DISTURBED IS TO BRING INTO PLAY NO MORE OF ITS BODY THAN IS NECESSARY TO TAKE STOCK OF THE SITUATION.

The ease, suppleness and grace of a cat's movements are greater even than those of a dog. The posture is easy and tranquil. Yet when we compare the skeletons of the two animals, or even the patterns of their musculature, there is no obvious reason why this should be so. The dog is always alert and his posture seemingly tense. A cat by contrast appears relaxed, there is an obvious economy of movement and energy. The various parts of its body are brought into action as the needs arise, while movement in the rest of the

body is inhibited. Following Coghill's line of argument, within the total-pattern of a cat's movements inhibition plays a greater part than in the total-pattern of a dog; giving a greater control of posture and movement, an air of self-reliance and of calm indifference. Taken together they impart an air of independence.

What now follows is not an extension of this line of argument but my own speculations. It is in



THE POSTURE IS EASY AND TRANQUIL: A CAT IN A TYPICAL SITTING ATTITUDE. THE PROVERBIAL NINE LIVES POSSESSED BY CATS MAY EXPRESS, QUITE ACCIDENTALLY, AN UNUSUAL CONTROL OF THE MUSCLE SYSTEM LEADING TO AN ABILITY TO ESCAPE BY A HAIR'S BREADTH FROM THREATENING SITUATIONS.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

regard to those actions in sleeping animals usually interpreted as due to dreams. Hess has shown that by stimulating localised parts of the brain of an unconscious cat with weak electrical stimuli the actions of fighting, eating, walking, indeed all the everyday bodily movements could be simulated. Presumably, the same is true of dogs. When, therefore, a sleeping dog goes through all the motions of an exciting chase through the undergrowth, even to slight reproductions of triumphant yelps, we may argue either that he is dreaming or that the brain-centres controlling the movements are being excited. The exact difference between these two things is any layman's guess. The more important point is that, so far as my own observations lead me, such "dreams" are usually preceded by an apparent tension in the dog's muscles. It could be, therefore, that the stuff of which some dreams are made on is an absence of relaxation in the body; or, to put it another way, a dominance of the excitatory over the inhibitory component in the total-pattern.

Cats, if one not expertly versed in the subject may venture an opinion, "dream" far less than dogs, and if they do so at all it is on rare occasions and subdued in form. The beautifully relaxed appearance of a sleeping cat would alone suggest that this is what we might expect if the use of inhibition in the control of the body has the importance argued here. Finally, it seems that the claws epitomise a cat's outstanding behavioural characteristics. Unlike the claws of a dog, they can be withdrawn when not in use, so that even in this small particular we have illustrated the antagonistic reflexes in all bodily movement, the excitatory and the inhibitory, with the cat, again, being naturally endowed to make full use of the inhibitory component in controlling its claws.

FIGHTING THE TERRORISTS WITH UPAS-POISON DARTS: THE SAKAI ABORIGINES OF MALAYA'S JUNGLES.



SAKAI CHILDREN, MALAYAN ABORIGINES, RESETTLED IN AN ENCLOSED COMPOUND AT KAUNG, IN SELANGOR. ON THE RIGHT, THE OLDEST WOMAN OF THE GROUP OF ABOUT SEVENTY SAKAI.



A SAKAI HUNTSMAN WITH HIS BLOWPIPE. A GROUP OF SAKAI RECENTLY KILLED A TERRORIST WITH A POISONED DART FROM SUCH A PIPE.



THE SAKAI SETTLEMENT AT KAUNG, SELANGOR. THIS WAS THE FIRST VIEW OF THE SETTLEMENT TO A RECENTLY VISITING SECURITY PATROL.



THE COMMANDER OF NO. 93 R.A.F. REGIMENT (MALAYA) SQUADRON MEETS AND GREETES DATO AMPAT, THE CHIEF OF THE SEVENTY SAKAI SETTLED IN KAUNG COMPOUND.



THE SAKAI CHIEFTAIN, DATO AMPAT, WITH THREE OF HIS WOMENFOLK, POSES FOR THE CAMERA.



OFFICERS OF THE SECURITY PATROL SEEKING INFORMATION FROM THE YOUNG MEN OF THE SAKAI SETTLEMENT.



A SAKAI HUNTER SHOWING HOW THE DART IS FITTED INTO THE BLOWPIPE. THE POISON IS MADE FROM THE UPAS-TREE.

The photographs on this page were taken by a member of a Security Patrol of the R.A.F. Regiment (Malaya) during the course of a visit to a Sakai compound at Kaung, in Selangor. The Sakai are one of the aboriginal peoples of the Malayan Peninsula, numbering some 20,000 in all, and mostly living in the jungle-covered mountains of Perak, Pahang and Selangor. Some of the tribes are very backward, but others cultivate various crops, usually moving on, however, after the crop has been gathered. Of recent years they have been very much at the mercy of terrorists, and have been intimidated into supplying

them with food. When this is so, efforts have been made to gather the Sakai into enclosed compounds, where they can be given some measure of safety. The group in this compound numbers about seventy, some of whom may be of mixed origin. The young men, who are excellent jungle trackers, use for hunting blowpipes with darts dipped in poison made from the bark of the Upas- or Ipoh-tree, and mixed in three strengths, first for hunting birds, second for wild pigs, and strongest for dangerous beasts—among whom, it is reported, Communist terrorists have been recently numbered.



ON HER ROCKY NEST: A CAPE PIGEON. OTHER BIRDS OF DECEPTION ISLAND ARE THE ANTARCTIC TERN, DOMINICAN GULL, SNOW PETREL, GIANT PETREL AND PENGUINS.

THE SOUTHERNMOST BRITISH COLONY—TO OF MARINE, THE LANDSCAPE AND



INDICATING THE ACTIVITY OF HOT SPRINGS ROUND SOME OF THE BEACHES: CLOUDS OF STEAM RISING ON A CALM DAY. THE REMAINS OF AN OLD DRY-DOCK ARE SEEN ON THE RIGHT.



NEPTUNE'S BELLOWS: THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR OF DECEPTION ISLAND, WITH THE LIGHT BEACON MARKING THE ENTRANCE, ON COLLINS' POINT; AND ICEBERGS IN THE BRANSFIELD STRAITS.



HISCOE HOUSE IN WINTER: PART OF THE OLD WHALING STATION, IT IS NOW OCCUPIED BY THE BRITISH BASE STAFF ON DECEPTION ISLAND. A NEW TOPOGRAPHICAL SURVEY IS BEING MADE.

THE British territory of the Falkland Islands and Dependencies has for some time been the subject of claims by the Argentine Government; and on February 17 it was announced that the Argentine Minister of Marine would visit detachments maintained by the Argentine Navy in "Argentina Antarctica." It was understood that Deception Island was to be included in the tour. The Falkland Islands and Dependencies, South Atlantic, the most southerly of British Crown Colonies, include the South Shetlands. Deception Island, of volcanic origin, is one of this chain, and is the site of one of the bases of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey, for which the Royal Research ship *John Biscoe* is the supply ship. In our issue of January 9 we published photographs of

BE VISITED BY THE ARGENTINE MINISTER CONDITIONS IN DECEPTION ISLAND.



A DAY OF DEAD CALM, A RARE OCCURRENCE ON DECEPTION ISLAND: IN THE FOREGROUND IS ONE OF THE MANY BOATS LEFT ON THE BEACH BY WHALERS, AND USED BY THEM FOR STORING EXPLOSIVES.



A WINTER VIEW OF THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOUR, NEPTUNE'S BELLOWS: OWING TO TIDAL ACTION THE WATER IN THE ENTRANCE "NEVER FROZE COMPLETELY," WRITES CAPTAIN STROUD.



PROBABLY THE MOST SOUTHERLY CEMETERY IN THE WORLD: THE GRAVEYARD WHERE THIRTY MEN KILLED IN PAST WHALING ACCIDENTS ARE BURIED.

penguins on Deception Island taken by Captain E. D. Stroud, R.M., when serving with the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey by Royal Marines in 1952; and on these pages we give a further selection of his photographs of Deception Island scenes. He writes that the island is too far north to be in total darkness in mid-winter, but that the base is sheltered by the hills and does not receive the sun for over two months. Owing to tidal action, water in the harbour entrance never froze completely. The fish, which were caught through a hole in the ice, were a species of *Notolethia*, "mainly head, but good to eat." [The *Chart of Deception Island* is based upon a British Admiralty chart with permission of the Controller, H.M.S.O., and of the Hydrographer of the Navy.]



SHOWING CLEARLY THE SCARS WHICH ALMOST ALL CROWN SEALS OF THE SPECIES REAR, PERHAPS CAUSED BY ATTACKS FROM KILLER WHALES: A CRAB-EATER SEAL.



FISHING ACTIVITIES: NO ELABORATE GEAR IS REQUIRED, JUST A HOLE IN THE ICE AT THE CORRECT SPOT, A LINE AND A PIECE OF BLUBBER.



ONE OF THE INVALUABLE BREED OF DOGS TRADITIONALLY USED FOR TRANSPORT IN ARCTIC AND ANTARCTIC REGIONS: A HANDSOME HUSKY.



A CHART OF DECEPTION ISLAND, BASED ON THE SURVEY BY LIEUT. COMMANDER D. N. PENFOLD, R.N. (1948-49).



THE SUMMIT OF DECEPTION ISLAND, MOUNT POND, SHOWN ON THE CHART AS 1679 FT. THE PATCH OF BLACK ON THE SIDE STREAMS SLIGHTLY—THE ONLY SIGN OF VOLCANIC ACTIVITY.

THE situation of France and Viet Nam in Indo-China has worsened. At the same time it is more difficult than ever to form an estimate of the true state of affairs or decide how grave the emergency has become. I have written about this war on several previous occasions, always with some diffidence, but never with more than now. It has never been easy to interpret, even when the facts have been relatively clear, which is not the case at present. By comparison with Korea, apart from the fact that the war in that country was much more fully and clearly reported, Indo-China is illusive. The type of war in the latter case has been in itself obscure, and this has applied also to the attitude of the native peoples. It was easy enough to see how the Koreans stood, but this has not been so as regards the peoples and States of Indo-China. Plenty of evidence was available to let us decide what the South Koreans or R.O.K. forces amounted to, their strength and their shortcomings. No two people seem to agree about the military value of the army of Viet Nam.

My comments must therefore be general. If they are on the right lines, which I hope will be the case, they will be worth undertaking even so. To start with a broad, strategic idea, it has been clear since the day of Marshal de Lattre that the French military authorities have regarded their enclave in the Red River Delta as of prime importance. On the whole, they have been successful in their measures for its defence. It would be going too far to say that they have been obsessed by it, but it may have caused them to under-insure elsewhere. General Navarre, the French Commander-in-Chief, has clearly not been surprised by the reaction of Viet Minh to his policy, though he may have underestimated its strength. Though the enemy's advance at the end of January and the early part of this month has been very rapid, his strategy had long been outlined. The French, whether they have taken undue risks or accepted risks which they could not avoid, have done so with their eyes open.

The view of the Viet Minh command might, I suggest, be given in the following imaginary appreciation: "The Delta may be the key to Indo-China, but keys and locks are valuable only if the walls on either side of the doors hold firm. If one can kick in a panel of the wall one can walk into the building without further regard to the key. We shall not exhaust ourselves too much against the Delta, as we have to our cost in the past. Let us go where the barriers are weak, down south into Laos." Of course, the simile of keys and walls applies only partly because the Delta is much more than a key. It is a strong place from which a counter-offensive might be launched. It is also one of the greatest rice-bowls of one of the world's greatest rice-growing countries. Still, this seems to be the way in which Viet Minh has looked at the position. And we have seen a long, long advance, through the Thai country, easily defensible but which the French were unable to defend, and now into Laos and towards the Mekong.

It has been a remarkable march. Starting at the end of January, the Viet Minh force, in modern military slang, "a division plus," first advanced about fifty miles in twelve days. This does not sound a great feat, but we must recall that small rearguards have put up a certain amount of resistance and try to picture the country as illustrated by the many outstandingly interesting photographs which have appeared in these pages. We must also note that, where the country was more open, or where boats were used on the Nam Hou, the advance would have to be confined to the hours of darkness, because French aircraft have been active. The Viet Minh force halted for several days fifty miles or rather more north of the capital of Laos, Luang Prabang. Meanwhile, a much larger force in rear had sat down in front of the French fortified camp of Dien Bien Phu, some 140 miles N.N.E. of Luang Prabang and in the Thai country beyond the Laos border.

Then, so far as I can estimate, on February 10 the advance was resumed, and this time the force is reported to have moved nearly twenty miles in twenty-four hours. The Viet Minh army has never been well

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

HARD TIMES IN INDO-CHINA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

provided with transport, except in the north from the Chinese frontier, and it has been to its interest on many occasions to carry out operations in roadless country. In such cases the basic transport has been porters. I think I can picture the scene fairly accurately, but I would give a great deal for an opportunity of seeing it. What is most interesting in this war is the way in which Viet Minh has tried to combine *la petite guerre* and *la grande*. Illusive, moving in the shadows, attacking generally on a small scale at any one point but ever threatening a number, Viet Minh has not, however, stuck to guerrilla tactics and has been prepared to undertake quite large-scale operations. It is true that these have led to some of its sharpest rebuffs. Its potential ability to carry out such operations is nevertheless an asset.

Viet Minh now possesses the initiative and can thus make profitable use of small forces. That which has advanced into Laos is, as already mentioned, only a reinforced division, but it is effective because the resources of its opponent are dispersed and in large measure tied down to their posts. In a war of posts and block-houses the side which contrives to set free

visit Indo-China after consultations in Washington, in time to meet the French Minister of Defence, M. Pleven, whose visit is expected to last a fortnight and to end about February 26. The curiosity of American reports in Washington about the significance of these interchanges proves that the affair has now created wide national interest.

Simultaneously, the prismatic President of South Korea, Mr. Rhee, has offered to send a division from the forces of his country to the aid of France and Viet Nam. At the time of writing, the only news is that the offer has been made. I suggest that, if it were to be accepted, it would have no early effect upon the war in Indo-China. Some time would be occupied in fitting out the force and transporting it to the scene. Once arrived, the division would have to be introduced gradually to the new atmosphere. Paddy-fields are to be found in Korea and Indo-China alike, but otherwise the difference between the two countries is great. What is more, the kind of warfare differs equally strongly. Doubtless the R.O.K. troops, some of which reached a high standard before the end of hostilities, would adapt themselves fairly soon, but they would require some breaking in. This project also has a political background, and the slight reactions noticeable in French political circles were not enthusiastic. I do not expect to see a South Korean force making the 2500-mile trip from Pusan to Saigon in the near future.

All this does not answer the question as to what is likely to happen in Laos and Indo-China as a whole. Dealing with some wars, one would say that this would in all likelihood be decided within a very short time by a battle for Luang Prabang. Such a decisive struggle may occur here, but it is not certain. French strength at Luang Prabang cannot be considerable; if it had been, the enemy's advance would have been opposed farther north or at least harassed. Yet it does not follow that the Viet Minh command will commit itself to a formal attack. Other objectives lie before it, and it may argue that, at worst, its greater mobility would permit it to get out without being cornered. The big force at Dien Bien Phu has also to be taken into account. Even the loss of Luang Prabang would be decisive only for the present phase, but it would be a calamity for Laos and very ugly for the country as a whole. It appears to me that the issue in Indo-China is still far from being closed.

None the less, the war has now been going badly for a long time, with no sign of improvement and without Viet Minh having suffered any check to speak of. French diversionary actions have either failed in themselves or caused no diversion. Now it begins to look as though all the French reserves have been committed. The French are better equipped than they

were and the Viet Nam forces are larger, but the enemy is even more in the ascendant than formerly. As I remarked earlier, little evidence comes through about the bearing or efficiency of the Viet Nam forces, of which so much was hoped. The general picture, however, is clearer, and it would be false optimism to pretend that it does not provide matter for concern. I have little doubt that a satisfactory result could still be attained, but the task has grown harder and would now require increased resources. Unofficial but not improbable suggestions have been made that the French Government does not intend to send them.

The only alternative is negotiation for a settlement, in which the French would start with a bad hand. It has also been suggested that negotiation may be tried, and this time hints in official utterances support the possibility. One thing is sure. No war, and least of all a guerrilla war, can be won on the defensive. The defensive may be rendered necessary by adversity, but victory can be won only by aggressive action, by getting to grips with the enemy's main forces and beating them decisively. It seems fashionable to deride Clausewitz to-day; but he might have been thinking of what has happened here when he wrote that to wage a war with less than full endeavour was the most expensive way of doing it. The lost initiative might yet be recovered, but only by the utmost determination.



THREATENED BY VIET MINH FORCES ADVANCING THROUGH DENSE JUNGLE COUNTRY: LUANG PRABANG, ROYAL CAPITAL OF LAOS, ONE OF THE ASSOCIATED STATES OF INDO-CHINA.

At the end of January the Viet Minh 308th Division crossed the frontier into northern Laos and began a south-westward advance upon the Royal capital, Luang Prabang, and, after marching about fifty miles in twelve days, halted. Then, about February 10, the advance was continued and the force is reported to have moved nearly twenty miles in twenty-four hours. At the time of writing some of the Viet Minh forces are reported to have crossed the bend of the Mekong, where they made reconnaissance in force of high ground fifteen miles to the north of the capital, and there have been sharp clashes in this area with French and Laotian troops.

the larger force for mobile warfare in the open has the ball at its feet. This situation would alter were the advancing Viet Minh force to be heavily repulsed at Luang Prabang or in its neighbourhood, but not necessarily if it failed to take Luang Prabang, but without serious loss and were free to move in some other direction. Besides the more or less regular element, Viet Minh is apparently using purely irregular forces, some of them possibly Laotian dissidents, in advance of its main body. The situation is likely to have developed further by the time this article appears. Meanwhile I must leave it, so far as field operations are concerned.

At the point to which I have carried the study, the United States had prepared to support the French and Viet Nam with further aircraft, B.26s. Official statements on the subject have emphasised with great care that the only American personnel involved are ground staffs and specialists. The United States has sent no combatant forces to Indo-China and the President has made it clear that there is no immediate intention of doing so. Whatever may be his view of the political implications, he wants to avoid fresh military entanglement. I have said enough in previous articles to make it clear that I appreciate this attitude. It has also been announced that General O'Daniel, United States Army Commander, Pacific, is to



A COUNTRY OF CAMPAIGN: LAOS, ONE OF THE ASSOCIATED STATES OF INDO-CHINA, SHOWING THE ALMOST IMPENETRABLE JUNGLE IN WHICH FRENCH AND LAOTIAN PATROLS SEEK OUT THE VIET MINH REBELS.

Captain Cyril Falls, discussing the war in Indo-China in an article on the opposite page, refers to the Viet Minh advance on Luang Prabang, capital of Laos. "It has been a remarkable march," he writes. "Starting at the end of January, the Viet Minh force, in modern military slang, 'a division plus,' first advanced about fifty miles in twelve days. This does not sound a great feat, but we must recall that small rearguards have put up a certain amount of resistance and try to

picture the country. . . ." The photograph which we reproduce above gives a clear impression of that type of country, with its almost impenetrable jungle making ambush a fairly easy matter. The "small rearguard," which can be seen in the picture making its way single file through the thick jungle, is a French Union patrol returning to base after a thrust at one of the forward columns of Viet Minh forces.



THE SURPRISINGLY RICH FAUNA OF THE CITY OF LONDON: SOME OF THE BIRDS AND MAMMALS WHICH ARE FOUND IN ONE OF THE BUSIEST SQUARE MILES IN THE WORLD.

In their recent report on the flora and fauna of the City of London, "The Natural History of the City" (published by the Corporation of London, Guildhall, E.C.2), R. S. R. Pitter and J. E. Lousley described at least 269 kinds of wild flowers, grasses and ferns, 3 mammals, 31 birds, 56 insects and 27 other species of invertebrates. These figures may not suggest a land flowing with milk and honey, but they are more reminiscent of a wild countryside than of the built-up heart of the Metropolis. The three mammals have been domesticated in the City for a long time: the black rat since the Middle Ages, the brown rat since the eighteenth century, and the house mouse for so long that nobody knows quite when it did come.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON

Porpoises, dolphins and seal probably swam up the Thames before the days of Boadicea; and then, as now, their incursions were accidental. The presence of the sea-birds arises likewise from a similar accident. Puffins, razorbills, guillemots and cormorants visit the City no more than sporadically, but the gulls have come to stay. Within little more than half a century, the black-headed gulls have come up the Thames to settle in the whole of London. The herring-gull followed, and, in more recent years, the lesser and great black-backed gulls have become established. The rest of the story of the City's natural history starts mainly with the year 1939, when "the seeds of a few plants were brought into the City with the sand used

for sandbag barricades." The great fire raids of December 29, 1940, and May 10, 1941, left scars known as bombed sites. In a very short time, these became covered with a profusion of wild flowers. Vegetation gives a home to many insects, and a happy hunting-ground for those animals that feed on them. Given this sequence, the rest should follow as a matter of course: where the flowers are the insects will come, and birds will follow on. Even so, it shows a degree of adaptability on the part of the birds for which we do not normally allow, and this adaptability includes a readiness to use ruined buildings, or even undamaged buildings, as nesting-sites. The most striking example is seen in the

way hordes of starlings nightly invade London to roost on window-ledges and parapets. Kestrels, too, have thoroughly taken to nesting in towers and steeples, although, naturally, not in anything like such numbers. Even the sparrowhawk, so typically a woodland bird, has taken in recent years to visiting London. The most illuminating example is, however, that given by the black redstart. Early in this century it invaded south-east England and by the 1930's it was beginning to colonise London. With the greater abundance of nesting-sites afforded by damaged buildings, it is now steadily building up its numbers; a true citizen of London by squatter's rights.

AND BASED ON "THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE CITY" (PUBLISHED BY THE CORPORATION OF LONDON).



POSSIBLY THE FINEST ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDING IN AUSTRALIA: ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, THIRD CONSTRUCTION ON THE PRESENT SITE.



WITH A FAÇADE FEATURING A TRIPLE ROW OF ARCHES, EACH WITH A SERIES OF ENGAGED COLUMNS IN THREE DIFFERENT ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE: TREASURY PLACE.

THE QUEEN and the Duke of Edinburgh were due to arrive in Melbourne on February 24 to begin their visit to Victoria. Melbourne, seat of the Commonwealth Government from 1901 till 1927, when it moved to Canberra, had its beginnings as a small settlement founded by two groups of pioneers from Tasmania in 1835. In 1836 the Governor, Sir Robert Bourke, recommended recognition of these unauthorised settlers and later came south with his surveyor, Robert Hoddle, to plan the township. The city contains many fine early buildings, some of which we illustrate by reproductions from "Early Melbourne Architecture, 1840-1888," a Photographic Record compiled and edited by six distinguished Melbourne people—

(Continued opposite.)

THE EUROPEAN ASPECT OF MELBOURNE'S FINE EARLY BUILDINGS IN THE CAPITAL OF THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE



ONE OF THE EARLIEST CHURCHES TO BE COMPLETED IN MELBOURNE: ST. FRANCIS'S CHURCH, DESIGNED BY SAMUEL JACKSON IN GOTHIC REVIVAL STYLE.



ST. JAMES'S OLD CATHEDRAL: THIS EDIFICE, WHICH FORMERLY STOOD IN LITTLE COLLINS STREET, WAS REMOVED TO THE PRESENT POSITION, AND REBUILT STONE BY STONE.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, SPRING STREET, WHERE THE COMMONWEALTH GOVERNMENT SAT UNTIL IT MOVED TO CANBERRA: DESIGNED BY PETER KERR AND J. C. KNIGHT, IT WAS BEGUN IN 1862.

ARCHITECTURE—"A BRITISH INHERITANCE": VICTORIA, WHICH WAS DUE TO WELCOME OF EDINBURGH LAST WEEK.



DESIGNED IN THE MANNER OF A SINGLE MANSION: THREE HOUSES IN A TERRACE IN CLARENDON STREET. THE PORTICO, OF CORINTHIAN COLUMNS, IS UNUSUAL IN MELBOURNE.



WITH A RESPLENDENT FAÇADE BREAKING INTO DAYS ON THE SPRING STREET FRONT: GOVERNMENT OFFICES, ORIGINALLY BUILT FOR PRIVATE OCCUPATION.



SHOWING ITALIAN RENAISSANCE INFLUENCE: TREASURY BUILDINGS, A HANDSOME STRUCTURE IN RACINE'S MARSH FREESTONE, DESIGNED BY J. CLARK, AND FINISHED IN 1862.



WITH PRECISE MOULDINGS AND ORNAMENTS WHICH GIVE THE PAINTED STUCCO FRONT A SOPHISTICATED URBAN AIR ENHANCED BY THE APPROACH: NO. 76, COLLINS STREET.



NOTABLE FOR THE BEAUTIFULLY-SPACED WINDOWS ON THE FIRST FLOOR AND THE FRENCH DOORS UNDER THE IRON VERANDAH BESIDE THE PORCH: NO. 59, COLLINS STREET. (Continued.) Mrs. R. G. Casey, wife of the Hon. R. G. Casey, Mrs. Daryl Lindsay, wife of the Director of the National Gallery of Victoria, Mr. D. A. Casey, Mr. John and Mr. Tom Freeman, and Mr. Allan R. Henderson, Vice-Chairman of the Trustees of the National Gallery of Victoria. Mrs. Casey writes: "The Australian inheritance in architecture is a British inheritance filtered through British thought and conceived in a different setting. . . . Parliament House, where on February 25 the Queen arranged to open the State Parliament, is the most majestic of Melbourne buildings. [Reproductions from "Early Melbourne Architecture, 1840-1888," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, Melbourne, and London. 40s.]



THE BATHYSCAPHE (LEFT) IN WHICH TWO FRENCH NAVAL OFFICERS DESCENDED TO A RECORD DEPTH OF 13,287 FT.—LYING ASTERN OF A FRENCH FLEET TUG IN THE ATLANTIC.



PREPARING FOR THE RECORD DESCENT: LIEUT.-COMMANDER HOUOT AND ENGINEER-OFFICER WILLM IN THE COCKPIT. THE ACTUAL BATHYSCAPHE LIES UNDERNEATH.



THE BATHYSCAPHE FNRS-3 BEING SHIPPED AT TOULON EN ROUTE FOR DAKAR. THE GLOBE BENEATH THE CIGAR-SHAPE IS THE ACTUAL OBSERVATION SPHERE.



DURING A PREVIOUS TEST DIVE: THE BATHYSCAPHE DESCENDING IN THE ATLANTIC WITH A FROGMAN WHO ESCORTED IT TO ABOUT 164 FT.—A SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPH.

MORE THAN TWO-AND-A-HALF MILES UNDER THE OCEAN: THE RECORD DESCENT OF A FRENCH NAVAL BATHYSCAPHE.

On February 15 two French naval officers, Lieut.-Commander Georges Houot and Engineer-Officer Pierre Willm, beat the world record for an ocean descent, when they descended in the bathyscaphe FNRS-3 to a depth of 13,287 ft. (about 2½ miles) on the Atlantic sea-bed off Dakar, West Africa. The previous record was Professor Piccard's descent in the Mediterranean in the bathyscaphe *Trieste* to a depth of 10,335 ft. on September 30, 1953. As can be seen from the centre photograph, the FNRS-3 is a spherical observation-chamber (the bathyscaphe



AFTER THEIR RECORD DIVE: LIEUT.-COMMANDER HOUOT AND ENGINEER-OFFICER WILLM BEING ROWED IN A DINGHY BACK TO THE PARENT SHIP *BEAUTEPS-BEAUPRE*.

proper) suspended below a cigar-shaped tank which contains petrol as the buoyancy factor. Weights to cause the vessel to sink are suspended by electromagnets below the globe. It began to descend (free of any connection with the tug or parent ship) at 10.9 a.m. (G.M.T.), and surfaced at 3.20 p.m. (G.M.T.). Three and a half hours were spent in the descent; and at the bottom, where the two officers lunched, the temperature was between 37.4 and 39.2 degrees F., and the pressure on the globe about 5750 lb. per square inch.

UNIQUE AND SPLENDID TREASURES OF GOLD AND CRYSTAL, FROM THE NEWLY-EXCAVATED GRAVE CIRCLE OF MYCENÆ.

By Dr. J. PAPADIMITRIU, Ephor of Antiquities of Attica and the Argolid, and Director of the Excavations.

In his article in "The Illustrated London News" of September 27, 1952, Dr. Papadimitriu wrote of the discovery and excavation of a second grave circle at Mycenæ and of the first finds made there. In all, sixteen graves have been excavated, and these have all been named with letters of the Greek alphabet. In our last issue we published photographs of a unique rock crystal cup in the form of a duck found in the grave Omicron; and in the article that follows Dr. Papadimitriu discusses only graves Omicron and Delta. A later article will be devoted to Graves Epsilon, Nu, Gamma, Mu, Iota, Kappa, Lambda, Theta, Pi and Xi.

I CONTINUED last year the excavations being carried out by the Greek Archaeological Society inside the newly-discovered grave circle containing royal graves at Mycenæ (Fig. 1). In this work I had the extremely valuable collaboration of Professor George E. Mylonas, of Washington University, and the assistance of Mr. Demetrios Theocharis, of the Greek Archaeological Service.

In my last article (*The Illustrated London News*, September 27, 1952) I gave a report of the first conclusions and results of the excavations at the time when the work had not then been finished. By the end of the summer of 1952 two other graves, which we named *Delta* and *Epsilon*, had been found, and last summer eleven others were also excavated. We must, therefore, bear in mind the conclusions reached concerning the finds of 1952 when we examine this later work.

As I have written, the new grave circle was discovered outside the Citadel, at a distance of 120-130 metres (130-140 yards) to the west of the Lion Gate and was known to Pausanias, who visited Mycenæ in about 150 A.D. He mentions that he has seen inside the Citadel the graves of Agamemnon and his followers, who were assassinated by Ægisthus on their return from Troy, and that outside the Citadel and a short distance from the wall, he saw the graves

Pausanias, while the other *tholos*, or beehive tombs, were considered as the treasures of Atreus and his children.

The two grave circles have about the same dimensions, roughly 27 metres (29½ yards) diameter, and the

But it is certain that they belonged to two Royal families reigning in Mycenæ about 1650-1550 B.C., and it is also certain that the traditional belief, that in these graves Agamemnon, Electra, Ægisthus and Clytemnestra were buried, existed at the time of

circle was completely destroyed by the modern road and the whole grave lay under the asphalt, as did the *Pi* grave. The aqueduct of the village, moreover, crossed the grave, and in the centre of it a cement tank of the aqueduct had been built. However, by good luck, the grave had remained unknown, and it was found untouched. Only the funeral *stèle*, which was on the top of the grave, had been broken and damaged, also the upper part of the grave had been destroyed. It was necessary to divert the road and the water-course in order to open this grave, but our fatigue was rewarded by the exceptionally rich gifts, of which some were of rock crystal. For this reason we have called it "the Crystal Grave." It contained two skeletons, one of which was packed at the west



FIG. 1. THE SITE OF THE NEWLY-EXCAVATED GRAVE CIRCLE AT MYCENÆ, SHOWING A NUMBER OF THE TOMBS EXPLORED BY DR. PAPADIMITRIU. THE SO-CALLED GRAVE OF CLYTEMNESTRA LIES TO THE RIGHT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.

graves date from almost the same period, though some of the newly-found are a little older. The difference between them is that the grave circle, discovered by Schliemann, is built of slabs of *poros* stone, while our circle is constructed of large, roughly-hewn blocks of limestone, and is much thicker—1.55 metres (5 ft. 1 in.). However, we must accept the fact that originally Schliemann's circle also was built in this manner, at the time when the two grave circles lay outside the Citadel, and it was in about 1350 B.C., when the Citadel's area was enlarged to the south-west, that Schliemann's circle was enclosed inside the wall and rebuilt more beautifully and symmetrically of *poros* slabs...

The *Delta* grave (Fig. 3) was very rich and three bodies were found in it. Near them were two bronze swords, and other bronze weapons and clay vases. One of the swords has a pommel of ivory and a gold handle (Figs. 11 and 12) with spiral decorations and four sculptured heads, two of bulls and two of lions, which join the handle to the bronze blade. On each side of the blade a series of griffins is engraved. The floor of this grave was also covered with the usual layer of pebbles, and in the north-west corner of it a bronze bowl and seventeen arrowheads of red stone were found. These would have been laid in a leather bag of which traces remained, and would have constituted part of the equipment of one of the bodies...

During the last days of the excavations we uncovered the richest of all the graves which have been found up to now in the new grave circle, similar in luxury to the Schliemann graves. It is the grave *Omicron* (Fig. 2), the excavation of which was very tiring and expensive and has demanded much time and exceptional care. At this site the wall of the grave

side of the grave without any offering. The other was in the centre in an extended position, and belonged to a young woman. More than thirty clay vases with various designs were found around the four sides and on the roof of the grave (Fig. 4). Near the body of the second skeleton in the centre we have found the most precious offerings of all the graves which have been excavated in the new circle. First, at the



FIG. 2. THE RICHEST OF ALL THE TOMBS FOUND IN THE NEWLY-EXCAVATED GRAVE CIRCLE AT MYCENÆ: OMICRON, "THE CRYSTAL GRAVE," THE TOMB OF THE YOUNG PRE-HOMERIC PRINCESS.

The photograph shows the roof construction: at the left, the flat stones which were laid over the wood ceiling; and lower right, the waterproof clay, which was laid over the stones.

of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus. We know now, of course, that the graves which Schliemann discovered some seventy-eight years ago, inside the Citadel, and the new royal graves which we are now excavating are much older than the epoch of the Trojan War.



FIG. 3. THE GRAVE DELTA: A VERY RICH TOMB WHICH CONTAINED THREE SKELETONS AND (UPPER RIGHT) THE MAGNIFICENT BRONZE SWORD WITH A GOLD AND IVORY HILT (FIGS. 11 AND 12.)

north side, near three clay vases, a rock crystal bowl in the shape of a duck (*The Illustrated London News*, February 20, 1954), carved with great skill, having the head with the neck gracefully bent as the handle of the bowl and its tail as the lip. No similar work of art has ever been found on the Greek mainland or [Continued overleaf.

GEMS, GOLD, AND TREASURES FROM THE "CRYSTAL GRAVE" OF MYCENÆ.



FIG. 4. A LARGE FOUR-HANDLED CLAY VASE (ABOUT 2 FT. 2 INS. HIGH)—ONE OF THE FINE POTS FOUND IN GRAVE OMICRON, THE VERY RICH TOMB OF THE MYCENÆAN PRINCESS.



FIG. 5. SOME OF THE GOLD BEADS, FILIGREE SPIRALS AND BIRD-SHAPES WHICH MADE UP ONE OF THE NECKLACES WHICH LAY ROUND THE NECK OF THE PRINCESS IN GRAVE OMICRON.



FIG. 6. THREE OF THE FOUR PINS WHICH FASTENED THE ROBES OF THE PRINCESS IN GRAVE OMICRON: LEFT, A SILVER PIN WITH GOLD HEAD; CENTRE AND RIGHT, BRONZE PINS WITH ROCK CRYSTAL HEADS.

Continued. Only in Egypt or in Asia Minor can we find perhaps similar precious vases. It is amazing how the artist obtained this unusually large piece of crystal (15 cm.—5½ ins.), and was able to carve it in such a marvellous way. Near it was a bronze pin with a crystal head, two other bronze pins with crystal heads were



FIG. 7. SOME OF THE PRINCESS'S JEWELLERY FROM GRAVE OMICRON: ABOVE, TWO EAR-CLIPS OF A CURIOUSLY MODERN TYPE; CENTRE, FOUR GOLD ORNAMENTS; BELOW, A NECKLACE OF AMETHYST AND CORNELIAN.

also found, one on each shoulder of the skeleton, and presumably intended to hold a heavy robe, perhaps of flax (Fig. 6). Another pin of silver, with a gold head, was near the right shoulder, and on the breast three necklaces, two made of various precious stones such as amethysts and cornelians (Fig. 7), the other of amber beads.

[Continued opposite]

A WARRIOR'S RICH SWORD; AND THE GOLD OF A PRINCESS OF PRE-HOMERIC MYCENÆ.

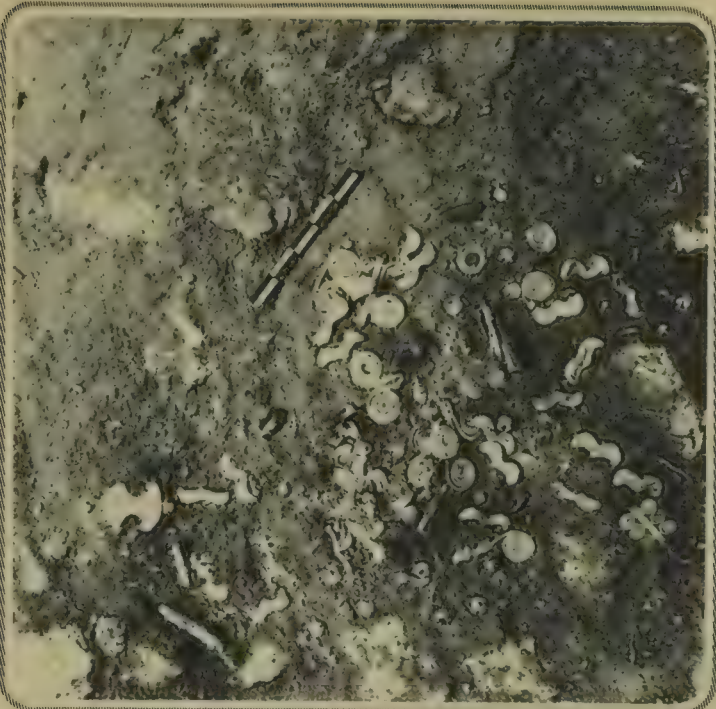


FIG. 8. IN THE TOMB OF THE PRINCESS—GRAVE OMICRON: A CLOSE-UP SHOWING THE ELEMENTS OF THE GOLD NECKLACE, IN SITU.

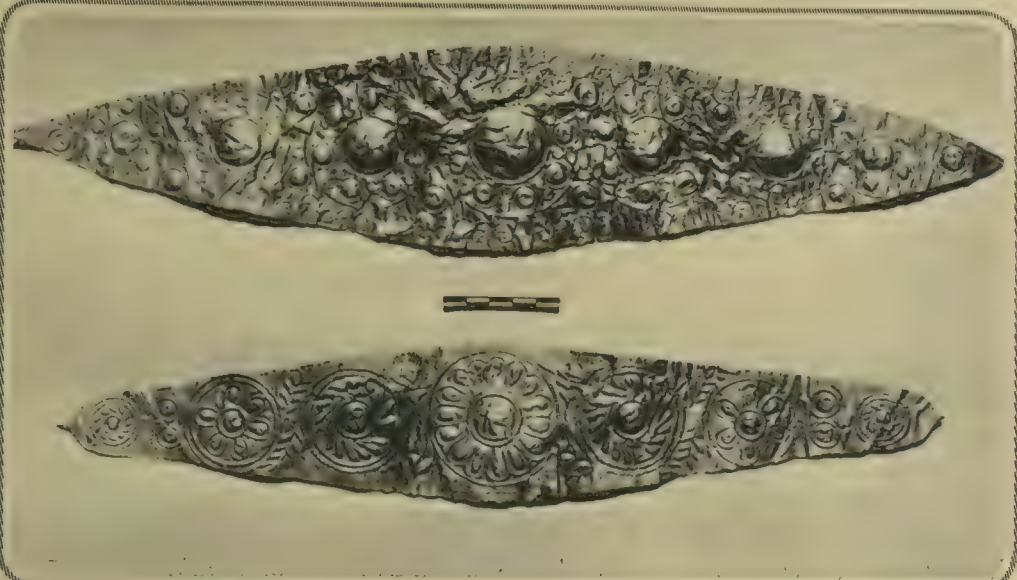


FIG. 9. THE TWO DIADEMS OF EMBOSSED GOLD SHEET, FOUND IN THE GRAVE OF THE PRINCESS. ONE OF THESE HAS AN IVORY PLATE, PROBABLY USED TO ATTACH IT TO THE HEAD.



FIG. 10. A WATER-LILY OF GOLD SHEET—THE HEAD OF A PIN, PRESUMABLY USED FOR ADORNING THE HEAD OF THE PRINCESS. AMONG THE JEWELLERY FOUND IN GRAVE OMICRON, AND PRESUMABLY WORN WITH THE DIADEMS (FIG. 9).

Continued.
There were also two fine gold bracelets made of repeated spiral circles, two ear-clips of gold (Fig. 7) and a beautiful gold necklace of birdlike beads (Figs. 5 and 8). Near the girl's head lay two large diadems of gold (Fig. 9) with embossed designs, and on one of these an ivory plate which was probably used to hold the diadems on the head. The richness and value of these finds prove the grave belonged to a person of high class, to a young princess of the powerful and wealthy Royal families of Homer's "Golden Mycenæ." We have no certain information about the names of the families to whom these graves belonged, nor have we information concerning the other graves found inside the Citadel, but many centuries later, the tradition in Mycenæ was that the graves belonged to the Royal family of Ægisthus and that the other circle inside the Citadel belonged to the rival Royal family of Agamemnon. We are sure now that this tradition was wrong in relation to the dates, since the simple people of Mycenæ of the later times, when the famous city of Agamemnon lay in ruins, knew their ancient history only by legend and by the Homeric poems, and had therefore no sure conception of the chronology as we have to-day. They remembered, however, the names of their famous ancestors who raised the power of Mycenæ and created an extensive empire, undertaking expeditions to the rich countries of the Orient and bringing home gold, silver and precious objects. From these contacts with the already civilised island of Crete and the islands of the Ægean Sea, Asia Minor and Egypt, much was learned and imitated. They, however, gave to the creation of their art, the stamp of the new spirit of a young and strong people of sharp perception and deep thought, a people who loved beauty, who were fond of battle and adventure. These are the people who gave us the beginnings of the European civilisation from which we profit to-day.



FIG. 11. THE MAGNIFICENT HILT AND POMMEL OF THE SWORD FOUND IN GRAVE DELTA. THE BOSS IS IVORY, THE HILT EMBOSSED GOLD.

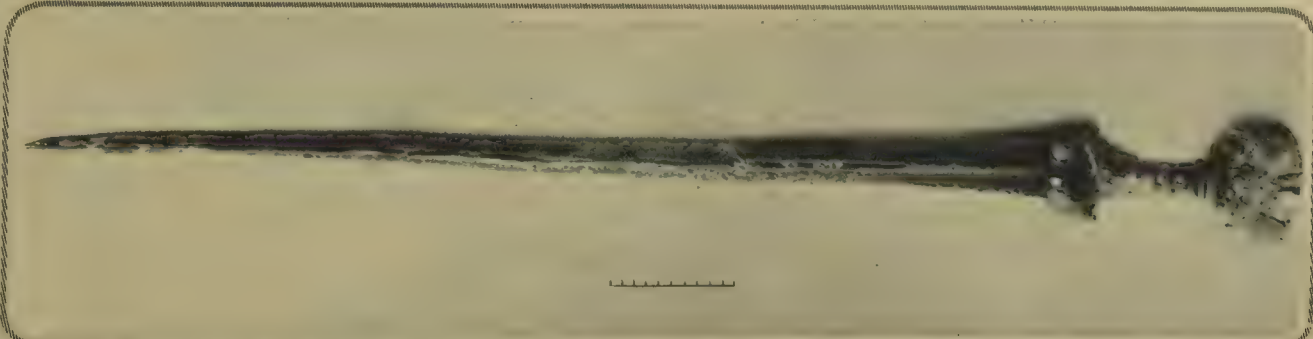


FIG. 12. THE BRONZE SWORD WITH CHRYSSELEPHANTINE HILT FROM THE WARRIORS' TOMB, GRAVE DELTA. SEE ALSO FIG. 11. ON EACH SIDE OF THE BLADE A SERIES OF GRIFFINS IS ENGRAVED, WHILE THE HILT CARRIES HEADS OF LIONS AND BULLS.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



SELDOM has the garden reached such a low ebb. Seen from the house it looks brown, flattened and flowerless: a case of scorched earth, scorched, not by fire, but by the hideous cold of the recent Arctic spell. A post-mortem prowl, however, is not too discouraging. A few plants are dead beyond recovery. Others have had a nasty jolt but will soon pick up. On the other hand, the ground in every direction fairly bristles with delayed promise. And there are even a few flowers out; some, such as primulas, serenely precocious in sheltered corners, and others, snow-drops, aconites and *Iris histrioides* which, poor, dear, foolish but welcome things, do it from sheer force of habit. Their forbears flowered in February, and now the ancestral tradition must be maintained. Their flowering at this time of year is none the less a miracle.

The wallflowers have excelled themselves this winter with their usual flesh-creeping performance. Wallflowers are nothing but a lot of hypochondriacal exhibitionists. Until the cold spell, they sat up in beds looking fat and smug and prosperous. Then, after a few days of bitter wind and savage frost, they assumed all the appearance of sodden, sordid corpses. If I had not known wallflowers from past experience, I would have pulled them all up and hurried them off to the compost heap. Fortunately I left them, and to-day they look as fit and hearty as they did before winter came. How they have managed to pass from that skinny, moulted look, with nothing but sodden, leaden leaves clinging wetly to their stems, to plump greenness I can not imagine. A miracle? Yes, of course. But how and why? "Well, there it is," as B.B.C. commentators always say at the conclusion of any specially thrilling sporting event.

A shrub which I had hoped to have flowering this summer, *Cytisus battandieri*, looks sick unto death. Planted a couple of years ago, it made rapid growth, and reached a height of 6 or 8 ft. But the position I gave it, the only one I had available at the time, was not, I fear, very suitable. Rather too exposed, and the soil cold and heavy. It is a most attractive thing, with its silky, silvery, trifoliate leaves, and dense racemes of fragrant, amber-coloured flowers, and it is hardy, at any rate in the south of England. It is a native of Morocco, from 5000 to 6000 ft. on the Middle Atlas Mountains, and was introduced to this country in 1922. If my specimen fails to recover from the shock of this winter I shall plant again in a recently prepared sun-trap bed.

The handsome *Mahonia lomariifolia* has come through so far—without any damage. Collected in Western China in 1931 by Major Johnston, of Hidcote Manor, Gloucestershire, it is quite the handsomest and most beautiful of the Mahonias. But unfortunately it is not always reliably hardy in this country. I first saw it fruiting superbly in Major Johnston's garden at Mentone, a shapely 5- or 6-ft. bush, with heads of palm-like leaves, and long, densely fruited spikes of blue-black berries, with a heavy bloom like black grapes. Major Johnston gave me a great quantity of seeds, from which I raised and distributed from Stevenage many seedlings. The plant had received an Award of Merit, R.H.S., but on a later visit to Mentone I brought home a well-fruited branch which I exhibited at the R.H.S. under Major Johnston's name, when it received a First-class Certificate. Planted in the open at Stevenage, *Mahonia lomariifolia* got cut to the ground by winter cold, time after time. But here in the Cotswolds it has come through the recent exceptionally hard spell quite unharmed.

POST-MORTEM PROWL.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

It is reported, too, to have survived in the open in Yorkshire, so that it would seem to be well worth experimenting with this glorious shrub in any but the very coldest districts.

My *Alstroemeria ligu* hybrids started pushing up their grey-green, strap-shaped leaves with the slightly spiral twist some weeks before the end of the old year, but these have come through quite unharmed. A bed of the garden Asiatic *Ranunculus* made an early start, and by mid-January the plants were looking like a lot of rather coarse buttercups. This foliage got very battered and cut by the cold, but already it is picking up and fresh leaves are sprouting vigorously.

plants. Each season—in May—this bed has produced a superb display of blossom, single, double and semi-double, in every shade and tone and combination of gold, sulphur, white, orange, pink, crimson, scarlet, claret, burgundy and bubbly. With their firm, wiry stems, 18 ins. or more long, they are the loveliest flowers imaginable for cutting. The conventional cultural directions usually given for growing these *Ranunculus* must discourage many amateur gardeners from growing them. Carefully prepared ground, the roots embedded each in a little dollop of silver sand,

special shading, and lifting and storing for the winter and so forth. The old florists of a hundred or so years ago were masters at thinking up elaborate refinements for the cultivation of their *Ranunculus*. Yet nothing could be cruder or more rough-and-ready than the treatment I have given mine, and nothing could be more satisfactory—as cut flowers, and as a carpet of colour in the garden—than my results. They certainly showed resentment at the foul weather they got recently, but evidently have no intention of letting it rankle. Instead, they are setting to work to hide any damaged foliage with a vigorous crop of fresh leaves.

One horrid tragedy there has been, for which I can only blame myself. Some time ago I was given some splendid specimens of one of the *Echeverias*. It looked like the pearly grey-green one with gold and orange flowers which was used in Victorian bedding-out, except that the rosettes were larger than any that I remember as a boy. I housed them last winter under glass and then, in spring, I planted them, massed and slightly mounded, in two stone vases. They grew well, and before long looked as though they had lived in their vases for

all time. They seemed the perfect plant for the purpose. I intended to transport them bodily—or, rather, have them transported: they are the devil of a weight—to the sanctuary of my cold greenhouse, where they would have been perfectly safe for the winter. But I delayed just too long. A sudden and severe night frost caught them and turned every leaf rosette to pulp. Another two days, and the transport for which I was waiting would have been available.

My *Nerines* in the unheated greenhouse have taken no harm, although soil in pots there was frozen hard, and there was thick ice on the rain-water tank under the staging. Plants of *Cyclamen persicum*, the original wild ancestor of the big greenhouse *Cyclamen*, are also quite unharmed, although they were in full leaf, and showing buds. I am not so sure about some young plants of *Puya alpestris* in this house. They do seem to have taken umbrage at the severe cold. Their grey-green leaves have taken on an ominous yellowish-brown tone that I don't like. However, they may be sound at heart, and so grow out of it when better times arrive.

Indoors, a big pot specimen *Clivia* has stood up to chilly conditions surprisingly well. At an altitude of three storeys it has sat on a landing window-sill, and there endured a certain amount of frost. How many degrees I can not say, but enough to produce ice the thickness of a penny on a tumbler of water which stood beside *Clivia* in default of a thermometer. Is it to be wondered that this house, like thousands of others all over the country, became, as it were, the wigwam of Minnehaha, the house of laughing waters? But though the waters may laugh as they cascade from ceiling to floor when a thaw sets in and burst pipes are revealed, the householder probably says "Tut-tut," or something equally bitter. Then, having said "Tut-tut" and resolved to do something about it before next winter, he forgets all about it until reminded of it a year later—by Minnehaha.



"EACH SEASON—IN MAY—THIS BED HAS PRODUCED A SUPERB DISPLAY OF BLOSSOM, SINGLE, DOUBLE AND SEMI-DOUBLE, IN EVERY SHADE AND TONE AND COMBINATION OF GOLD, SULPHUR, WHITE, ORANGE, PINK, CRIMSON, SCARLET, CLARET, BURGUNDY AND BUBBLY." [Photographs by J. R. Jameson.]



"WHETHER THESE *RANUNCULUS* BELONG TO THE FRENCH, PERSIAN OR TURBAN SECTION OF THE RACE I HAVE NO IDEA. I RAISED THEM FROM A PACKET OF SEED LABELLED, I THINK, '*RANUNCULUS* SUPERB HYBRIDS,' OR SOME SUCH ENCOURAGING BUT UNINFORMATIVE NAME."

so that all should be well for the flowering in May. Whether these *Ranunculus* belong to the French, Persian or Turban section of the race I have no idea. I raised them from a packet of seed labelled, I think, "*Ranunculus Superb Hybrids*", or some such encouraging but uninformative name. Anyway, I raised them in a pan in a cold frame, and planted out the youngsters in a bed of very stony ground, without fuss or ceremony, to take their chance. They are now coming on for their third season of flowering—or is it their fourth? The only attention they have had has been weeding—when weeding became too blatantly necessary to be avoided—and a heavy mulch of really nourishing compost each year directly after the leaves had died after flowering. The roots have remained undisturbed since they were first planted, and I have even noticed a few self-sown seedlings coming up among the old

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR: SPORT, A NEW BRIDGE AND OTHER ITEMS.



(LEFT.) IN ACTION DURING THE COMBINATION CHAMPIONSHIP AT FALUN, SWEDEN, WHICH HE WON: S. STENERSEN, OF NORWAY, A NEW WORLD SKI CHAMPION. (RIGHT.) THE SKI-JUMP AT FALUN, 150 MILES NORTH-WEST OF STOCKHOLM, WHERE SOME OF THE RECENT CHAMPIONSHIPS WERE HELD.

On February 16 thirty-one competitors from ten nations competed in the jumping, the first part of the combined event in the World Ski Championships, at Falun, in Sweden. The winner was S. Stenersen, of Norway. On the following day the second part, the 15 kilometres cross-country run, was held, the Combination Championship being won by S. Stenersen.

A MISHAP IN MID-AIR: J. ERIKSEN (LEFT), OF NORWAY, FALLING OFF BALANCE AS HIS SKI BRUSHES THAT OF B. STYRERUD DURING A DEMONSTRATION TWIN JUMP IN DENMARK ON FEBRUARY 14. ALTHOUGH J. ERIKSEN LANDED ON HIS BACK, HE WAS ONLY SLIGHTLY INJURED.

IN THE HEART OF THE CITY OF VANCOUVER: THE NEW GRANVILLE BRIDGE.

A workman, selected by lot, recently opened the new Granville Bridge, a 16,000,000-dollar structure crossing False Creek, in the heart of the City of Vancouver. It is the first eight-lane traffic span to be built in Canada, and has three access routes on the north side and four on the south. Our photograph shows the bridge from the air, looking north over the harbour to North Vancouver. The centre lane, to join Granville Street both north and south of False Creek, will be completed by June. The new bridge, which is the third Granville Bridge, provides room for vessels to pass underneath.



ONE OF GREAT YARMOUTH'S PROUDEST POSSESSIONS, WHICH MAY BE REOPENED THIS SUMMER: THE 144-FT.-HIGH NELSON MONUMENT, ERECTED IN 1817.



THE AEROPLANE FROM WHICH THE "PRONE PILOT METEOR" HAS BEEN ADAPTED: THE GLOSTER METEOR F. MK. 8 SINGLE-SEAT FIGHTER.

The nose of the Gloster Meteor Mk. 8 has been lengthened to accommodate a pilot lying in a prone position. On page 267 of our issue of February 20 we erroneously stated that the "Prone Pilot Meteor" had been adapted from the Armstrong Whitworth Meteor N.F. II.



WINNERS OF THE 1954 WORLD ICE DANCING CHAMPIONSHIPS: L. DEMMY AND MISS J. WESTWOOD, OF GREAT BRITAIN, WHO RETAINED THEIR TITLE IN OSLO ON FEBRUARY 18.

RAMU—THE "WOLF-BOY" OF LUCKNOW: A LEGEND INVESTIGATED.

By PROFESSOR KALI PRASAD, Head of the Dept. of Philosophy and Psychology, The University, Lucknow.

Recent reports that a so-called "wolf-boy" had been found in India have given fresh impetus to a legend which has persisted over hundreds of years, and is known to us best in the story of Romulus and Remus being suckled by a she-wolf and in Kipling's creation of the immortal Mowgli. Stories of children being adopted by animals are rarely thoroughly investigated, but in the present case the "wolf-boy" was taken to hospital, where he has been under medical observation. On this page Professor Kali Prasad makes a preliminary statement on the results of the medical examinations and psychological tests which appear to discount much of the published "evidence" in support of the contention that the boy has been reared by wolves.

ON January 17 the Flying Squad of the Lucknow Police picked up a strange little boy, apparently abandoned by someone, on the platform of the main (Charbagh) Lucknow railway station and took him to the local Government hospital—the Balrampur Hospital. No one appeared to know from where the boy had come, but judging by the direction of the trains that discharge their passengers at about the time when he was found, the police think that he may have come from the eastern districts of Rae Bareilly or thereabouts. But this has not yet been substantiated. A few days after his admission to hospital, a "mother" called at the hospital to claim her "son" who, she said,

seems to have given the impression that the boy must have lived in some animal habitat, and he was then named 'Wolf-boy Ramu.'

"Attempts to give him cooked food were, however, continued, and now, after about three weeks, he is taking pieces of

his toes as there would be if he had walked on all-fours. The boy has a double row of central upper incisors and the front upper incisors appear to be prominent and protruding, though this is by no means rare.

"Ramu has a large number of scars on his head, shoulders and hips. The scars on the hips are, presumably, due to his lying on his side for a long period of time. His hair has been cut as it was infested with lice, but on his arrival in hospital it was no more than 3 ins. long and this suggests that it had been cut previously. His pulse, respiration, and temperature are normal for a child of his age, and his sense of smell and his sight are normal, as also is his hearing. If he is hungry he becomes restless and utters low moaning sounds, and when offered milk he puts his whole mouth in the basin and, though he does not lap it up, he seems to be assimilating more by the use of his tongue than by his lips.

"The boy had hardly a rag on him when he was found by the police, but since his admission to hospital he has been dressed in a shirt. Though his nails are long he has made no attempt to tear off clothing or to claw at objects near him. He sleeps in a crouching posture and shows some desire to avoid light. In the beginning he resented the presence of human beings, but he is now getting accustomed to them and lies on his side without taking any notice of inquisitive visitors. The boy utters no cries or howls beyond



SWALLOWING A PIECE OF RAW MEAT WITHOUT APPARENTLY MUCH MASTICATION: RAMU BEING FED AT THE BALRAMPUR HOSPITAL, WHERE HE SHOWED A MARKED PREFERENCE FOR UNCOOKED MEAT.

cooked meat though, even to-day, he appears to swallow raw meat a little more avidly. He will reach out for a piece of meat dangled near the

head of his bed and has also shown that he can detect the presence of raw meat near him by his sense of smell. Neurological examination shows that the boy has left hemiplegia (paralysis of one side). He has got marked contractures of the left side, with an extensor left plantar response. The hemiplegic stroke presumably occurred before the age of three years.

"From the condition of his hands and feet it is obvious that he has never walked or stood up, and he can be made to sit only when he is supported. There are no callosities on his knees or his palms or



SHOWING THE DOUBLE ROW OF CENTRAL UPPER INCISORS WHICH ARE PROMINENT AND PROTRUDING: A CLOSE-UP OF RAMU, THE "WOLF-BOY."

the low moaning sounds which he occasionally makes.

"From the above general remarks it is difficult to conclude that this is a 'wolf-boy.' He can neither walk on all fours nor even crawl, nor is he even able to drink water or procure food for himself. He could not have survived in the midst of animals without

these elementary resources. Presumably this is a case of isolation. Ramu was probably abandoned as a helpless cripple by despairing parents who, having helped him to survive so long, eventually gave him up. We are still investigating whether it is a case of isolation amentia or of a certain kind of imbecility occurring together with hemiplegia or any similar abnormality. In particular we are carrying out tests of acuity of smell, of hearing, of preference of food including raw meat, of night vision, and we are recording his reactions to the presence of animals like a wolf, his sharing food with animals, his sucking habits, if any, and his sounds, colour preferences, etc. We shall also study his social habits, his emotions and his reactions to the environment in which he is now placed."

I am indebted to Dr. D. N. Sharma, Superintendent of the Balrampur Hospital, for giving facilities for observing and obtaining photographs of Ramu and for visiting him frequently. I am also obliged to Dr. Sharma and his assistant, Dr. Agarwal, for the medical report on the basis of which this preliminary statement has been made.



ONE OF THE PECULIARITIES WHICH GAVE RISE TO THE DESCRIPTION OF RAMU AS A "WOLF-BOY": THE BOY REACHING FOR A BOWL OF RAW MEAT WHICH HE DETECTED BY HIS SENSE OF SMELL.

had been taken away when he was very young. When interrogated, however, the woman could not sustain her claim, which has since proved to be utterly spurious. Since then, nobody has claimed the boy, and he is under observation in the general ward of the hospital. When admitted, the boy was in a very low state of health, and appeared to have been starved for some time. On medical examination the following characteristics were noticed and the following brief report is made on its basis: "The patient is a boy aged nine to ten years. In view of his starved condition, food was immediately given, but the boy showed definite aversion to all kinds of cooked food, fruits and vegetables. When forcibly given, cooked food was rejected and, in the circumstances, it occurred to someone to offer raw meat, which was accepted by the boy with evident pleasure. This



ASSIMILATING MILK MORE BY THE USE OF HIS TONGUE THAN BY HIS LIPS: RAMU BEING FED AT THE HOSPITAL—WHEN HUNGRY HE BECOMES RESTLESS AND UTTERS LOW MOANING SOUNDS.

THE ROYAL YACHT, P. & O. LINERS OLD AND NEW, AND A SALVAGE PROJECT.



IN WHICH PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS ANNE WILL SAIL TO GREET THEIR ROYAL PARENTS AT TOBRUK: THE NEW ROYAL YACHT, H.M.S. BRITANNIA, ARRIVING AT PORTLAND.

The new Royal yacht, which was launched in April 1953 and commissioned early in January, arrived at Portland on February 17 for further trials. She will later move to Portsmouth, where she will stay for some six weeks during which her company will have Easter leave. On February 21 it was announced from Buckingham Palace that the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne will sail in *Britannia* on April 15 to meet

the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh returning from their Commonwealth tour and will travel home with them in *Britannia*. It has been stated that a playroom for the Royal children has been built on the top deck of the 4000-ton Royal yacht. Two of the larger Royal barges will be transferred from *Gothic* to *Britannia*, and one of these will be used for the Queen's progress from the Pool of London to Westminster Pier.



THE NEWEST AND THE OLDEST P. & O. LINERS: (LEFT) *ARCADIA*, WHOSE MAIDEN VOYAGE BEGAN FEBRUARY 22; (RIGHT) *MALOJA*, WHOSE LAST VOYAGE ENDED ON FEBRUARY 19.

With the arrival at Tilbury on February 18 of the thirty-year-old P. & O. liner *Maloja*, at the conclusion of her last voyage, it was possible to see in the same dock both the oldest and the newest of P. & O. liners, since *Arcadia* was waiting at Tilbury to begin her maiden voyage on February 22. *Maloja* was the first P. & O. vessel to exceed 20,000 tons gross, and was built by Harland and Wolff at Belfast, entering

the line's service in 1923. During the Second World War she served as an armed merchant cruiser and later as a troopship. Her sister-ship, *Moollan*, was sold last month for breaking up. The master of the *Maloja*, Captain J. M. Peter, was third officer on her maiden voyage, and was in command of *Moollan* also for her last voyage. Photographs of *Arcadia* appeared in our last issue.



PREPARING TO SALVE THE BURNT-OUT HULK OF THE *EMPRESS OF CANADA*: (LEFT) THE HULL, WITH GIRDER TRIANGLES, TO WHICH CABLES FROM SIX WINCHES (RIGHT) ARE ATTACHED

It has been announced that on March 6 an attempt will be made to salve the hulk of the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Canada* (20,325 tons), which has lain on her side in Gladstone Dock, Liverpool, since she was burnt out by a disastrous fire in January 1953. The total cost of the salving is estimated at about £250,000, while the total scrap value of the liner is about £40,000. The salvage operation, if successful, is

expected to take only about thirty minutes. As can be seen from the photographs, triangles of girders have been erected all along the starboard side to gain leverage in righting the hulk. To these are attached 9-inch steel hawsers which lead to a battery of six winches capable of hauling her on to an even keel. Air tanks have been fitted to ensure balance and buoyancy during the righting operation.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THE GIDDY GOAT.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"DON'T play the giddy goat!" says someone in "Charley's Aunt." He might be addressing the London theatre. It is certainly uncommon—to seek no stronger word—to discover Lord Fancourt Babberley, the Reverend Robert Spalding, the Walrus and the Carpenter, and Lord Fauntleroy (later twelfth Earl of Dorincourt) competing for our attention on the West End stage.

Uncommon, yes. There is no reason why managers should not have a whirl with their old friends. The odd thing is that they should all have had the idea

of a boot-nail seemed to prevent the play from slipping into a deep crevasse. It did not fall—simply because as the night went on, Mr. Mills had another idea, and brought along Henry Kendall and Peter Reynolds to twist the affair to a period extravagance that hardly needed the intrusion of Fauntleroy. Mr. Kendall, as a pompous physician, proposes marriage to Dearest, and does it in a majestic, cuff-shooting manner (notes on the cuff are also useful for reference). This comes across cheerfully as a brisk single turn without much reference to the play.

Peter Reynolds, as the doctor's brother, is a "lob of spirits," a fidgety little man with a bad habit of murdering anybody distasteful to him. No argument; no fuss: he wipes the personage off the sheet, and that's that. Again, all very handy in its fashion, which is the fashion of burlesque. The piece moves gradually to its funniest scene: one in which a cup of poisoned tea is, as it were, let loose in the Fauntleroy drawing-room. The right person must get it; the wrong one does. Pitch-and-toss while the fatal cup goes the round is inevitably comic. (A similar idea was exploited better, I think, in a stage version of "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime.")

It is not really enough to see us through an evening. I chafed again during a long passage towards the end in which Barbara Kelly (as Dearest) recited a ballad in the most doleful late-Victorian idiom. Its intended bathos told less surely than Mr. Mills had hoped; the first-night audience applauded a little nervously, and there was a sense of strain. It is dangerous to play about with these things, and the ballad's theme is unfortunate. Miss Kelly, with wisdom, kept off caricature.

"Angels in Love" is genially acted; we have the felicity of seeing and hearing Kynaston Reeves in a rosy splutter as Molyneux, Earl of Dorincourt. But I have to confess to laughing with difficulty, and to wishing now and then that the giddy goat had not been turned loose in Mrs. Burnett's yard.

We are less embarrassed at "Charley's Aunt" (in Sir John Gielgud's revival at the New), though nothing can prevent a slight anxious blush before Ela delivers her jewelled passage (that on the stretched forefinger

of this farce sparkles for ever) about the dreaming spires, ancient piles and sculptured nooks of Oxford. Little could be grimmer. Natasha Parry speaks this now more reasonably than I have ever heard it, and throughout she manages her dire part with a grace quite unaffected.

Possibly this revival (on which Sir John has expended so much charm and invention) is too graceful. It is a word that does not go with "Charley's Aunt." We look for the helter-skelter, and come away remembering the elegance of the girls (Jennifer Wright,



"IT DID NOT FALL [INTO A DEEP CREVASSE] SIMPLY BECAUSE AS THE NIGHT WENT ON, MR. MILLS HAD ANOTHER IDEA, AND BROUGHT ALONG HENRY KENDALL AND PETER REYNOLDS TO TWIST THE AFFAIR TO A PERIOD EXTRAVAGANCE THAT HARDLY NEEDED THE INTRUSION OF FAUNTLEROY": "ANGELS IN LOVE"—A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY HUGH MILLS, SHOWING (L. TO R.) "DEAREST" (BARBARA KELLY), EUSTACE (PETER REYNOLDS) AND SIR POMEROY (HENRY KENDALL).

together. This must tease our more academic playgoers—"I say, won't they be jolly waxy!", as Fancourt Babberley observes. But sterner plays lie ahead; with these in mind, the Serious Person can overlook the chance that has brought so many old and frivolous acquaintances to the stage in the same fortnight. "I need hardly tell you," boomed Lady Bracknell to Chasuble, "that in families of high position strange coincidences are not supposed to occur. They are hardly considered the thing." True; but don't let us labour it.

Last week I was talking about Spalding and the White Knight. Now we have Fancourt Babberley and Fauntleroy. It must be admitted that, although some of us have known Fauntleroy for a very long time, we have never met him in precisely these circumstances. He has grown up. "Dearest" lives with him still. The eleventh Earl of Dorincourt is around the corner with flames coming out of his top. Fauntleroy himself, and surprisingly, is now a young married man—married to one of the Fitzbarons, who are (so I gather) the Dorincourts' hereditary foes.

Hugh Mills, the dramatist who pushes us into this atmosphere at the beginning of "Angels in Love" (Savoy), has had a notion of the kind that looks glorious before it is committed to paper. It dims as the author gets down to his work. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's little book has long been a joke (often with people who have not read it) merely because Fauntleroy has curls and a lace collar, and is the brand of incredibly good child that provokes illogical rage. Otherwise, the book is just an amiable anecdote in the manner of its period. Perhaps it is as well not to have read it before going to the Savoy; here old acquaintance will not really help.

I found for the first half-hour that the giddy-goat method of dealing with Fauntleroy was tedious. Mr. Mills appears anxious to insist on the young man's extreme innocence; and this can be deplorably dull. Peter Hammond always fights gamely for Fauntleroy; but when the first scene ended my hopes were fading. Only the pressure



"I WISH YOU WOULDN'T STAND OVER ME AND TALK AS IF YOU WERE VISITING MY GRAVE IN A CHURCHYARD": TONY LACK (MICHAEL GOUGH) IN A SCENE FROM "THE BURNING GLASS" (APOLLO), WITH MARY TERRIFORD (FAITH BROOK), CHRISTOPHER TERRIFORD (MICHAEL GOODLIFFE) AND HARDLIP (ROBERT SPEAIGHT; RIGHT).

Natasha Parry, Joy Rodgers), and an exquisitely poised performance of Donna Lucia by Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies that deserves a better frame than tea under the cedars outside Jack Chesney's rooms at St. Olde's. I am not gibing at the "Motley" set, which has an airy grace—that strain again—but merely grumbling because no one can find a better part than this for one of our most delicate artists.

The men do all they can to keep things moving. They try hard to play the giddy goat. People are "bricks," and bricks are dropped. Spettigue (Philip Stainton) is the soul of waxiness. William Mervyn enters like a Plain Tale from the Hills. ("Twenty years! Where was the regiment then?") Eliot Makeham's Brassett is a whole troop of scouts. And through everything, in and out of skirts, flipping off his catch-phrases, cascading tea (and milk) into the topper, puffing smoke-rings, struggling to keep the whole fantastic business together, is John Mills as Lord Fancourt Babberley. No one could be more loyal and agile; and I wish I had laughed more freely. Much of this production is strangely subdued. I think of it as "Charles's Aunt"; and indeed it is the real aunt that stays with me when the curtain is down and St. Olde's is at peace under the dreaming spires. "College gents will do anything," said Brassett. These college gents are still at their games, but they have never been so decoratively treated. I confess that I prefer the old farce to be what it is, a crazy, bang-it-along scamper.

I met another acquaintance during the week—Launcelot Gobbo, who can be as much of a pill as Ela Delahay. He appeared at the Hippodrome, Aldershot, where the Elizabethan

Theatre Company, touring in "The Merchant of Venice," won our hearts and never lost its own. If I am not likely to remember Roderick Cook's Launcelot longer than several other performances of the sad fellow, it was at least quick and competent giddy-goating. And the cast generally, in particular the Portia (Josee Richard) and Bassanio (Colin George) acted with understanding. "The quality of mercy"—though a rather better speech than Miss Delahay's on Oxford—can be a trying obstacle in the theatre; and it cheered me to see the confident ease with which Portia took it in her forensic stride.



CHARLES MORGAN'S NEW PLAY WHICH OPENED AT THE APOLLO THEATRE ON FEBRUARY 18: "THE BURNING GLASS," SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT II, WITH (L. TO R.) MARY TERRIFORD (FAITH BROOK), THE PRIME MINISTER (LAURENCE NAISMITH), LADY TERRIFORD (DOROTHY GREEN), CHRISTOPHER TERRIFORD (MICHAEL GOODLIFFE) AND LORD HENRY STRAIT (BASIL DIGNAM).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"CHARLEY'S AUNT" (New).—She has had a wash and brush-up. This is a more dignified scurry than usual. John Mills, as Fancourt Babberley, knows the spirit of the part and the piece; but Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, honouring the real aunt, Donna Lucia, will be the lasting memory of Sir John Gielgud's almost too-polished production. (February 10.)

"ANGELS IN LOVE" (Savoy).—Under Hugh Mills's instruction, we are now back with Cedric, Lord Fauntleroy, who has grown up. The idea does not come off very happily in the theatre, though there are gay flashes and the company stands by its author. (February 11.)

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" (Elizabethan Theatre Company, on tour).—A young cast, directed by Peter Hall, moves with an assured ease between Venice and Belmont. (Seen at Aldershot, *matinée*, February 11.)

"THE MOTHER" (Embassy).—Marjory Hawtrey copes boldly with a gruelling part in a revival of Capek's play. (February 15.)

N.B.—"CHARLEY'S AUNT" opened at the New Theatre on February 10, and not at the Apollo, as stated in our issue of February 13, page 244.

EVENTS POLITICAL AND SPORTING, AN IRAQ BRIDGE, AND A RAILWAY RECORD.



PROTESTING AGAINST MR. MOLOTOV'S DENIAL OF FREE GERMAN ELECTIONS: A WEST BERLIN DEMONSTRATION OUTSIDE THE WEST BERLIN CITY HALL ON FEBRUARY 18.
On February 18, Berlin was the scene of rival demonstrations of protest. During the day a huge Communist procession—estimated at more than 100,000—marched past the Russian Embassy in a "demonstration of thanks to Mr. Molotov," and carrying banners blaming the Western Foreign Ministers for the failure of the



A COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATION IN EAST BERLIN PROTESTING AGAINST THE WESTERN POWERS AND BLAMING THEM FOR THE FAILURE OF THE CONFERENCE—ON FEBRUARY 18.
conference. In the evening the weather turned even colder, and a West Berlin demonstration blaming Mr. Molotov for the failure of the conference and for his denial of the possibility of free German elections reached only the figure of about 10,000.



CLOSE TO THE SITE OF ANCIENT BABYLON: A NEW ROAD BRIDGE OVER THE EUPHRATES WHICH IS TO BE CONSTRUCTED BY A BRITISH FIRM. AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE BRIDGE, WHICH WILL BE 570 FT. LONG AND 46 FT. WIDE, WITH A STEEL CENTRAL SPAN.

In the face of strong international competition, particularly from Germany and Holland, a British firm, Dorman, Long and Co., Ltd., of Middlesbrough, have had their tender of £350,000 accepted for the construction of a new road bridge in Iraq, over the River Euphrates. The bridge will be built at Hindiyah,

65 miles south of Baghdad. It will be 570 ft. long and 46 ft. wide, with a steel central span. The total weight of steelwork will be 1500 tons, and the bridge is to be completed within eighteen months from the beginning of construction. The consulting engineers are the London firm of Maunsell, Posford and Pavry.



A RECORD-BREAKING TRAIN: THE FRENCH EXPRESS ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE C.C. 7121, WHICH ATTAINED A SPEED OF 150 M.P.H. WHILE PULLING THREE FULLY-LOADED CARRIAGES.
On February 21, at the conclusion of three days of speed trials between Dijon and Beaune, the French express electric locomotive C.C. 7121 attained the record speed of 150 m.p.h. The locomotive, which was hauling three fully-loaded passenger carriages, is a standard 4500-h.p. mixed traffic model, built in 1949.



WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP, THE COURSEING CLASSIC OF THE SEASON: COTTON KING, A BLUE DOG OWNED BY MR. T. NOBLE, OF LANCASTER.
Cotton King, a blue dog owned by Mr. T. Noble, of Lancaster, and trained at Cummertrees, in Scotland, by H. Wright, won the Waterloo Cup at Altcar on February 19. The favourite, at 4-1 on, he beat the Irish dog Mayo Post in the final. The latter fell in the trial and broke a leg.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE TASTE OF TWO COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Reference books are uncertain about the date of birth of Jan Molenaer. He died in 1668, and is thought to have been born in 1610. That seems unlikely, or, rather, impossible, if the date on this picture, *viz.*, 1620, is correct. Molenaer most certainly did not paint like this at the age of ten. He was born in Haarlem, where he had Franz Hals for a master, and he married that excellent woman painter, Judith Leyster, whom he made thoroughly unhappy. He settled in Amsterdam after his marriage, where he received numerous commissions for family groups, but he is best remembered to-day by his paintings of taverns, markets and low-life generally. There's a "Musical Pastime" by him in the National Gallery and similar subjects in most of the European galleries.

If by his choice of this particular subject the somewhat precious and solemn John Evelyn stands revealed as a very human and lovable being, so I suggest does a not dissimilar type of collector a century later—the successful, efficient and touchy Dr. William Hunter, who revolutionised the teaching of anatomy in the eighteenth century. He was a

notable collector throughout his life, and at his death in 1783 he left his museum and library to Glasgow University. A selection of the books and paintings was shown to Londoners at Kenwood two years ago,

and I have a most vivid recollection of three little paintings by Chardin (one of which we reproduce in Fig. 2) amid dozens of pictures which one would expect to find in any eighteenth-century collection. Some of these pictures were just dull, a few, notably a little Rembrandt, were perfection. Generally speaking, he follows the fashions of the time—copies, or, rather, imitations of Nicolas Poussin, various seventeenth-century Italians, and so forth. His scientific interests account for his commission to George Stubbs for the painting of the nylghau and the moose—he wanted these for his researches in comparative anatomy. There are various portraits of himself and his friends. A smaller version of the Zoffany group, "Dr. William Hunter Lecturing at the Royal Academy," where Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his ear trumpet, is seated in the centre, is said to have once belonged to him—that one can well understand. But the three Chardins

are outside his professional interests, have nothing to do with his personal relationships with friends or acquaintances, are not in keeping with current fashions, and I would wager were acquired against the advice of the pundits—pots and pans were permissible to the Dutch of the previous century, but hardly to a modern Frenchman. (Chardin died in 1779, William Hunter in 1783.) His smart London patients must have raised an eyebrow if they ever saw these pictures, and indulged in a malicious dig at the Scots who were invading the capital to their and our benefit. "It is not so much to be lamented," grumbled Samuel Johnson, "that Old England is lost, as that the Scotch have found it." It is an odd little episode in the history of taste, and it endears the pawky Dr. Hunter to me in the same way as I like Evelyn the more for his choice of his concert party of cheerful little toughs. There is something else, too. In buying these works by a French contemporary, Dr. Hunter was following his own bent, just as certain other Scots round about the year 1900 were ignoring current fashions and buying French Impression-

ists almost before London knew of their existence. There would appear to be advantages in getting oneself born North of the Border.

It is, I take it, hardly necessary to add that, even in a photograph, the subtleties of a great painter like Chardin are evident, or, to put it in another way, the straightforward factual painting by Molenaer looks like a photograph, while the Chardin looks like—a Chardin, in conception, in love of paint and of light, hardly of this world. "One makes use of colours," said he, "one paints with the heart," and that was something no pupil of Franz Hals could do, or would dream of doing.



I FIND myself masquerading, though only temporarily, as an expert in outlandish musical instruments, or, to put it more modestly, passing on to an expectant world a morsel of information kindly provided by a reader in Madrid. On January 2 last I wrote about an exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum which I found peculiarly fascinating, not because it contained any masterpieces, but because it seemed to illustrate so vividly the character of John Evelyn—a character which had long ago been revealed to us by his writings, and especially by the Diary. With all his opportunities and quite genuine love of art, he did not succeed in gathering together anything of very great consequence, but I can very easily see how this Molenaer picture of Fig. 1 would have attracted such a man. It is a thoroughly uninhibited, jolly group of little rascals; and Evelyn loved children; and like the vast majority of his contemporaries was no stranger to home-made music. This picture must have given him great pleasure. There was no room for it on this page when I wrote about the exhibition, but it was described, and I asked a question about the strange-looking object the boy on the right holds in his hand. It appears to be a jar covered with a piece of parchment through which is passed a stick; it was suggested that this might be a noise-making device in which the stick was twirled about among pebbles in the jar.

An explanation now comes from Madrid, and I find it convincing. "You referred to the boy," says my informant, "who is performing some mysterious rite with a jar, apparently covered with a parchment. Now in Spain round about Christmas-time there appears a traditional instrument which answers exactly to your description. It is called a 'zambomba' and is made from a jar, or anything cylindrical, covered with parchment, or, in the bigger ones, covered by hide—and pierced by a cane which does not enter further than is necessary to secure it firmly to the parchment. By moistening the hand and sliding it down the cane, the vibration is transferred to the parchment"—with the jar presumably acting as a sounding-board. "In the bigger ones the result is something approaching an artillery bombardment at close range. They are used to mark the rhythm in the same manner as a drum. The connection between Spain and the Low Countries is obvious." The boy on the left is playing his violin from the shoulder, not under his chin, while the little girl is banging away with two spoons on a morion in the centre.

Furniture experts will note the chairs—that on the left is a turned chair with (I think) a rush seat, or it might be leather. Such things must have been made in their thousands, both in Holland and elsewhere, but it is not surprising, in view of their somewhat flimsy character and the hard usage of the ordinary household, that very few have survived. The best example of this sort of turned chair known to me, though a far more dignified specimen, is the chair preserved by a happy chance in the President's Lodging at Queens' College, Cambridge. This is very fine, and probably owes its continued existence from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the fact that it has long been associated with the name of Erasmus, who spent a few years at Cambridge. But for that, it would no doubt have been discarded two or three hundred years ago as hopelessly out of fashion. The other chair—the one on the right—was not, to the best of my knowledge, ever in favour in this country. The golf club is familiar enough in many seventeenth-century Dutch paintings.



FIG. 2. "LA RECRUEUSE" (THE WOMAN SCOURING); BY JEAN BAPTISTE SIMEON CHARDIN (1699-1779), A PAINTING ORIGINALLY IN THE COLLECTION OF DR. WILLIAM HUNTER. Dr. William Hunter (1718-1783), the anatomist, was a collector throughout his life. Amid dozens of pictures which one would expect to find in any eighteenth-century collection, he owned three little paintings by Chardin, of which we reproduce one. "In buying these works by a French contemporary," writes Frank Davis, "Dr. Hunter was following his own bent," for "they are not in keeping with current fashions, and I would wager were acquired against the advice of the pundits..." Reproduced by Courtesy of the University of Glasgow, Hunterian Collection.



FIG. 1. "THE YOUNG MUSICIANS"; BY JAN MOLENAER (1610?-1668), ORIGINALLY OWNED BY JOHN EVELYN. This painting, which has been on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum in the John Evelyn Exhibition (due to close to-morrow, February 28), is discussed by Frank Davis in the article on this page. He has received a letter from Madrid explaining that the instrument in the hands of the boy on the right is known as a "zambomba" and is made from a jar or anything cylindrical covered with parchment, and pierced by a cane.

From the C. J. A. Evelyn collection at Stonor Park; reproduced by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

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AT HOME AND ABROAD: A MISCELLANY OF RECENT EVENTS.



LAUNCHED BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE: THE 33,000-TON TANKER *WORLD HARMONY*.

The Duchess of Kent, on February 16, launched and named the 33,000-ton tanker, *World Harmony*, at the naval yard of Vickers-Armstrongs at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Built for the Greek shipowner Mr. Stavros Niarchos, she will be used to bring crude oil from the Persian Gulf for refining in this country.



FACTORY BUILDINGS WHICH SANK INTO THE GROUND AFTER SUBTERRANEAN EXPLOSIONS: A STRANGE ACCIDENT IN WINDSOR, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Four buildings at the Canadian Industries Factory, Windsor, Ontario, sank into the ground on February 19 and disappeared up to the roofs after underground explosions. The accident, which resulted in no casualties, was caused by flooding of disused salt-mines below the factory.



THE CHRISTENING OF THE INFANT PRINCESS OF LUXEMBURG AND (RIGHT) THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY LEAVING BRUSSELS FOR THE CEREMONY.

The infant daughter of Prince Jean and Princess Josephine-Charlotte of Luxembourg was christened Marie Astrid Liliame Charlotte Leopoldine Wilhelmine Ingeborg Antonia Elizabeth Anna at Betzdorf Castle. Princess Josephine-Charlotte's father, ex-King Leopold, his second wife, Princess de Réthy; and sons, Albert Prince of Liège and King Baudouin of the Belgians, came from Brussels for the ceremony (l. to r. in the group). The Bishop of Luxembourg officiated, and the sponsors were ex-King Leopold and the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, mother of Prince Jean.



A "MURDEROUS ATTACK" ON MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT—IN WAX: THE HEADLESS FIGURE OF THE PRIME MINISTER AND DAMAGED EFFIGIES AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

What Mr. I. O. Thomas, M.P., described in the House of Commons as "a dastardly and murderous attack upon members of the Government involving the Prime Minister," occurred at Madame Tussaud's on February 18, when a man attacked the wax effigy of the Prime Minister, and those of Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, Lord Leathers and Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, doing considerable damage, and breaking the head of the figure of the Prime Minister. Fortunately, a spare head of Sir Winston Churchill was in store, and has been placed on his effigy.



RECEIVING EXPERT ATTENTION FROM THE STUDIO HAIRDRESSER: THE "SPARE HEAD" FOUND FROM STORE FOR THE WAX FIGURE OF THE PREMIER.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is unlucky when the thing one can't pretend to know of a new book is just what people will be sure to ask. However, there is no getting round it. People are sure to ask whether "The Angry Angel," by Lajos Zilahy (Heinemann; 15s.), comes up to its best-selling predecessor. And having missed "The Dukays," I can't tell—though I could venture one or two surmises. And first, that nobody will find it dim, or, in the jacket's phrase, a pale *ersatz*; if it seems pale, "The Dukays" must have blazed astoundingly. But on the other hand, for those who lapped up feudal decadence and splendour in the earlier book it may be insufficiently *ersatz*. This tale, starting in 1939 and closing with the Iron Curtain, is a Ragnarok-novel. And if the class repels, the dwindling Dukays cannot be guaranteed to atone for it.

Indeed, one might say they have left the stage. Count István Dukay, that fine, flamboyant relic of their *belle époque*, dies on the first day of the war. Not just by chance—the news from Poland gave him a heart attack; but with his death, and burial in feudal state, all is symbolically at an end. No one can really fill his shoes. Count Rere, the first-born, is a natural, Johy a Nazi pervert. Ostie, the heir, has made a new life in America. And as the steward of his Hungarian wealth—the vast estate, the huge castle of Ararat, the palace on Septemvir Utca, and all the mines, mills, dwellings, factories and works of art—he picks, not Johy, but a plebeian, liberal astronomer, the husband of his sister Zia.

Mihály Ursi—last, ill-starred, honorary Dukay—is a miner's son. In his first youth, he was condemned to death as a deserter and only just saved by the revolution. After the war, he founded a society of "Star-gazers"—liberal students like himself who, night by night, stole forth to battle with the Jew-baiters, the first in Europe. Then came his grand idea—his scheme for a Danubian bloc which would replace the shattered Empire. But that, of course, was too sound to be listened to. So then he published "The Great Fallow," an onslaught on the Dukays and their kind, and got a year in gaol. And after that he married Zia, who he had met incognito.

As vicerey he has only one concern: to oppose Hitler's war. He becomes head of a mixed group—Star-gazers, "Jacobin" auxiliaries, and fighting strays from the Danubian fellowship that never was. But they make no impression on events. Mihály is dragged off by the Gestapo, but escapes with his life—back to the ruined, "liberated" city, an hour of faith and hope, and a last rendezvous with the Idea.

Ragnarok-novels cannot well have a good story; they are too dwarfing to the individual. And few make up for it with fireworks. This one, however, coruscates from end to end; it is satiric and far-flung, full of surprises, anecdote and dissertation, and peacock characters of every dye.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Crooked Wall," by Faith Compton Mackenzie (Cape; 10s. 6d.), exudes a strange, romantic emptiness; vaguely, you feel something is wrong. . . . It opens in the 1870s, at a refined establishment for schoolgirls. Judith, the lovely and well-dowered, has a close friend in Bertha Pringle, and both are persecuted by a little sneak. Then the sneak falls downstairs, and seems to fade into irrelevance. Next, Judith is engaged to a young bonehead whom she doesn't love—although in Rome she has contracted a grand passion for a Mr. Ivery, a retired schoolmaster of fifty, beautiful as a fallen angel. With one glance they are plighted souls; but he already has a wife, and Judith's father has arranged for her to marry John. Judith adores him and complies, but she is quite soon left a widow. Then Mr. Ivery turns up again, and all is bliss—till, suddenly, she makes another marriage with a sleek young man. Though first they quarrel over the settlement. Herbert is somewhat grasping, and "utterly refuses to sit even on a dining-room chair that is not his own." . . .

It was just then I saw a light: Herbert is shortly to be poisoned. And so he is, and in exactly the right circumstances. Only a little while ago, we had the same tale in another form; for it is based on a real *cause célèbre*. But while "The Wine is Poured" was a mere unassuming transcript, this is a glamorous version; it has been socially refined, stuffed with romantic padding, and modified out of all sense. However, it is clearly showier than life. I found it languid all the same, till I had caught on to the origin; but after that it was good value.

"Silky," by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), is a slight story of an affable, familiar ghost. The Hewes' New England farm has its own graveyard, an image of its rise and fall. First came the unmarked boulders of the pioneers; then slate and marble urns, pillars and mourning angels—and, prettiest of all, a young girl's headstone, carved with a bouquet of white roses, for an only child. Her father built the house, which was a stately mansion in its day; and Cephas' grandfather was the next heir. To-day the woods are coming back, and the deserted farmhouses are falling down. Cephas fought hard for Belvedere, but he is licked; he and his gentle slattern of a wife will have to make do with a boulder in a wilderness. And now the graveyard gate seems to invite them in. . . .

But it has opened for a strange young girl. Though Cephas, bitter with defeat, can't stand the sight of her, she is around all through the autumn—and on Christmas Eve blesses the whole farm with a happy ending. It is a perfect fairy-tale: kind, concrete, beautifully set.

"The Rosy Pastor," by Nigel FitzGerald (Collins; 9s. 6d.), is so delightful as to be something of a disappointment. The heavenly scene—a little bay called Bru-na-vera, on the Irish coast—ought to send everyone to Connaught who can get away. The local idiom, the conversation of the gentry, and more especially that of the Watson in the case, almost come up to the surroundings. Moreover, since the whole populace of Bru-na-vera knows just what everyone is doing at every minute of the day—though none of them are going to split—it should have been a nice place for a murder story. Only the plot itself—the disappearance of the undesirable Professor Janeson—gradually ceases to absorb. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HOOVER, STRACHEYS AND ST. GEORGE.

SINCE the death of the great "New Deal" and wartime President of the United States, there has been a distinct "recession in Roosevelts." This somewhat ungraceful metaphor comes all too easily to one who has read the third volume of the "Hoover Memoirs" (Hollis and Carter; 30s.). This volume, which is sub-titled "The Great Depression," is concerned to show how the author, Mr. Herbert Hoover, who was President during the dismal years of the American and world slump, was not responsible for the disaster which overwhelmed the entire nexus of Western economics. Sir Winston Churchill referred, in the first volume of his account of the late catastrophe, to "the Unnecessary War," and Mr. Hoover's theme is "the Unnecessary Slump." But I recall that Sir Winston prefaced his story by admitting that he was recording the epic from the point of view of one who, though he played a large—indeed, a dominant—part in the Grand Alliance, could only show one side of the history from which later commentators would have to draw larger deductions. There is no such modest disclaimer in Mr. Hoover's challenging volume. It has already been described (his publishers tell me) as "political dynamite"—and I am not in the least surprised.

Mr. Hoover's manner is to make large assumptions, and to present them categorically as facts. I have no great objection to this—it makes for stimulating reading—but I confess to a much greater hesitancy than Mr. Hoover feels in pronouncing upon the reasons for great world financial disasters. Upon those facts which I am in a position to check, I find Mr. Hoover lamentably at fault, as when he writes: "When the British Prime Minister is defeated he may if he wishes receive a great title, he automatically draws a great pension, and everybody makes way for his Lordship" (adding, in a footnote: "Some Prime Ministers delay this sign of retirement in order to hold position in the House of Commons, but most accept it—none fail on the pension"). Now I do not believe that even the callowest and most determined member of the British Extreme Left would come out with anything quite so silly as this, and I am therefore tempted to regard with suspicion such statements of Mr. Hoover's as I cannot immediately disprove. He writes, for example, of the panic of bank depositors in March, 1933: "What were they afraid of? Surely not of an outgoing administration with but a few days to run. Certainly not of the foreign countries, for they were steadily recovering. It was fear of the incoming administration."

During the past fifty years we have enjoyed a series of books which have debunked official history in an elegant and adroit manner. Some of us still read, with profit and pleasure, the works of the late Mr. Lytton Strachey. All I can say of Mr. Hoover's third volume is that it is in many respects elegant, but it is certainly not adroit.

Mr. Lytton Strachey naturally figures largely in "The Strachey Family," by Charles R. Sanders (Cambridge University Press; 45s.). I remember him so well, a sombre and rather melancholy figure, in the Oriental Club during the late '20s and early '30s. Here, I used to feel, is the greatest debunker of all time, yet he appeared to be engaged in a process of debunking himself, because I have never seen more clearly displayed that attitude which he satirised in Queen Victoria: "We are not amused!"

Mr. Sanders traces the Strachey family from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and he may well write of them as "a family in which eccentrics were the rule rather than the exception." What a good book this is! There is much painstaking scholarship, careful references to sources, and well-chosen illustrations. (One of the most interesting and touching of the latter shows the present Rt. Hon. John Strachey, a former member of the Labour Government, as a small child holding an alert bull-terrier—and the caption tells us that "The adult John Strachey also has a fondness for cats which is characteristic of his family.") There is a great vogue at present for these accounts of famous families and "The Strachey Family" is quite one of the best.

I wonder if a French visitor to our shores would be grieved if he heard the natives exclaiming: "St. Louis and La Pucelle for Clacton-on-Sea!" I must confess that I received just such a minor shock when I read the title of "Saint George for Ethiopia," by Beatrice Playne (Constable; 45s.). But before I had even opened this excellent work, I reflected that it is surely the part of a curmudgeon to be provincial about heavenly advocacy, and I also recalled that St. George (about whom little enough is known, anyway) is said to have suffered martyrdom in the Near East. He was adopted, as a stray dog might have been, by English Crusaders, and Miss Playne's book makes it clear that the Ethiopians have paid him far more serious attention than his foster-clients have deigned to pay.

This is one of the pleasantest short books of travel which I have read for a long time. Miss Playne went to Ethiopia as an official of the British Council. I am not clear how many of these enigmatic tribal persons (who have managed to create, as I believe which I have read for a long time. Miss Playne went to Ethiopia as an official of the British Council. I am not clear how many of these enigmatic tribal persons (who have managed to create, as I believe

Prehistory and Evolution are subjects which one must handle with delicacy, and I am not qualified to enter into controversy with Mr. Richard Lewinsohn ("Morus"), the author of "Animals, Men and Myths" (Gollancz; 21s.). It did occur to me, as I read his account of the Evolution debate, that the last word had not been said by the late Mr. Charles Darwin—*vixere fortes post Agamenona*—but that did not prevent me from enjoying his delightful style, and the wealth of information which he conveyed. (I find, for instance, that the dinosaur—scarcely hitherto a favourite of mine!—could sit up and beg!) E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

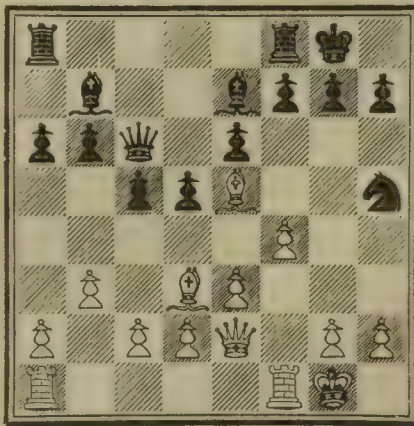
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IN the early days of my "Chess Notes" I recalled a number of old-time brilliancies, games which occupy in the history of chess the place of Gray's "Elegy" or Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" in the story of literature: they are so well known that I feel almost apologetic to publish them, yet they are so superb that any reader to whom they are new—and many to whom they are not—cannot fail to be delighted.

This game was played by Emanuel Lasker in 1889, one solitary month after gaining officially the title of master, at the age of twenty. His new-found glory inspired him to produce, in the course of a few hours' play, a game destined not only to become immortal itself but to inspire many another immortal game based on the same theme.

BIRD'S OPENING.

EM.	J. H.	EM.	J. H.
LASKER	BAUER	LASKER	BAUER
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-KB4	P-Q4	3. P-QKt3	
2. P-K3	Kt-KB3		
Against Bird's Opening, Black should deter White from developing his QB on Kt2 (the only good square) by means of 2... P-KKt3 and 3... B-Kt2.			
4. B-Kt2	3. P-K3	5. B-Q3	
	B-K2		
The pedant would frown at this move, before P-Q4.			
6. Kt-KB3	5. P-QKt3	8. Castles	Castles
7. Kt-B3	B-Kt2	9. Kt-K2	P-B4
	QKt-Q2		
9... Kt-B4 instead would have allowed him to "kill" White's dangerous king's bishop.			
10. Kt-Kt3	Q-B2	13. Q-K2	P-QR3
11. Kt-K5	Kt×Kt	14. Kt-R5!	Kt×Kt
12. B×Kt	Q-B3		



Now comes the bit of play which has made the phrase "Lasker's double bishop sacrifice," familiar to every experienced player. Within three moves, Lasker gives both his bishops away!

15. B×KRPch! K×B 17. B×P!! K×B (forced!)
16. Q×Ktch K-Kt1 18. Q-Kt4ch K-R2
18... K-R1 would lose even more quickly.
19. R-B3 P-K4 20. R-R3ch Q-R3
Black has found the only way of postponing mate.
21. R×Qch K×R 22. Q-Q7
Without this move, Black would be able to retain the equivalent of his lost queen in material, and Lasker's combination would be unsound; but now, after 22... B-KB3; 23. Q×B, he was virtually a piece to the good and he coasted comfortably to victory in a few more moves.

Saki once said, far more history than they could consume locally) Miss Playne was successful in converting to an appreciation of limited monarchical democracy and the works of Shakespeare, but her own curiosity, humour and (at times) courage have combined to produce a really delightful work. Her own sketches and the first-class colour-plates which decorate the book add greatly to one's enjoyment of it. They explain, moreover, why she did not choose as her title: "Saint George for Merry Ethiopia": the expressions on these hirsute countenances indicate unrelieved gloom!

CAUGHT BY HONEY AND THE CAMERA: BADGERS IN AN OXFORD WOOD.



"THE FLASH SCARED IT AWAY, BUT IT RETURNED ALMOST AT ONCE TO CONSUME THE REMAINING HONEY": A BADGER CUB, AGED ABOUT FOUR MONTHS.



PHOTOGRAPHED CLOSE TO ONE OF THE SETS IN BAGLEY WOOD DURING A NOCTURNAL VIGIL: AN ADULT BADGER (FACING CAMERA) AND SEVERAL CUBS.

IN *The Illustrated London News* of December 3, 1949, we published some photographs of badgers and fox cubs which were at that time sharing a large set, though keeping strictly to their own territories, in Bagley Wood, near Oxford. These photographs were taken by Mr. R. L. Willan, who has now sent us some further photographs of badgers at the same set which he watched "by kind permission of the Bursar of St. John's College, Oxford," during nocturnal vigils in the early summers of 1950 and 1953. Mr. Willan says that after 1949 foxes were less in evidence, and in 1953 he did not see one, but the badgers provided plenty of interest. In 1950 the badger cubs were very keen on honey which Mr. Willan put down near the most frequented holes in the set;

(Continued opposite.)



Continued.] the trail of honey leading to the point on which the camera was focussed. This method worked well with the cubs, but was a failure so far as the adults were concerned. One night Mr. Willan arranged the trail so that it finished on a stone which he held in his hand, "a badger cub followed it to the last-but-one smear of honey, which it licked up, then it came on for the last. At 2 ft. it stopped, turned about and walked slowly back, pausing on its way to make sure it had licked clean the previous spot. It had caught that vague feeling of unease at something abnormal and best avoided, utterly different from the sudden stampede of fear which follows the definite perception of human smell." A month later the craving for

(Continued below, left.)

(LEFT.) "IT RAISED ITS HEAD AS I SET OFF THE FLASH-BULB": A BADGER CUB LICKING HONEY FROM A STONE.



ENJOYING A FAVOURITE GAME: TWO BADGER CUBS ABOUT TO SPRING ON ANOTHER CUB, EMERGING FROM THE ENTRANCE FURROW, AND BUNDLE IT UNDERGROUND.

Continued.]

honey still overcame the startling effect of the electronic flash, which although it scared the cub away, did not prevent it from returning almost at once to the same spot to consume the remaining honey. But last year, 1953, the badgers took no interest in honey, and Mr. Willan writes: "Though there was a pair in residence all the time, cubs in their first year were not identified until June, by which time they were three-quarters of the size of the adults. . . . I think that the resident pair did not breed this year, and that the cubs seen in June were members of one or more visiting families from other sets. Perhaps they were too old when they arrived to acquire a taste for processed honey or the particular proprietary brand I supplied was not to their liking!" Mr. Willan was forced to take his photographs close to one of the set entrances which, although it presented more difficulties, gave him a chance of catching a group of badgers together. In all, he counted nine badgers, four adults and five cubs. The full-grown animals took little part in the goodnatured rough-and-tumble in which the cubs delighted,



PLAYING WITH BOISTEROUS VIGOUR: TWO BADGER CUBS SPARRING AND BARING THEIR TEETH WHILE A THIRD (LEFT) NOSES ROUND THE SET.

and they left the young ones playing at the set while they went off to drag in bedding or forage for food. "The method of collecting bedding was to scrape together a pile of vegetation (mainly Dog's Mercury in this area) and to drag it to the set backwards in a series of short shuffles. The pile was kept close under the chest and pulled along by the fore-legs, the main weight of the body being taken by the hind-legs. The badger held its head close to the ground to seal the gap between the fore-legs, but sometimes at a halt, if the pile threatened to disintegrate, it craned its neck round to nuzzle it into greater compactness. It never appeared to look behind it to see where it was going, and only once or twice did it back into an ash sapling and have to alter course. Now and again two or three cubs stood at the set entrance staring foolishly at the antics of their parent. She carried on her way regardless of all obstructions, scrambled down into the entrance furrow on top of them, and disappeared below claspings a tangle of Dog's Mercury under her chest and sweeping along a tangle of badger cubs with her broad rump."



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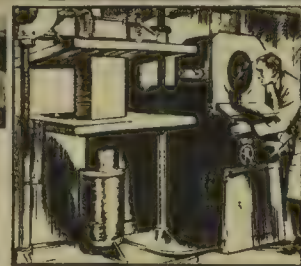
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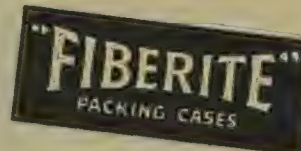
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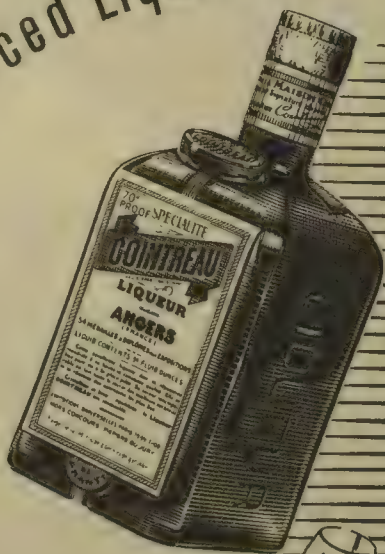
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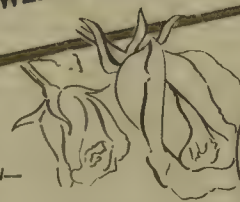
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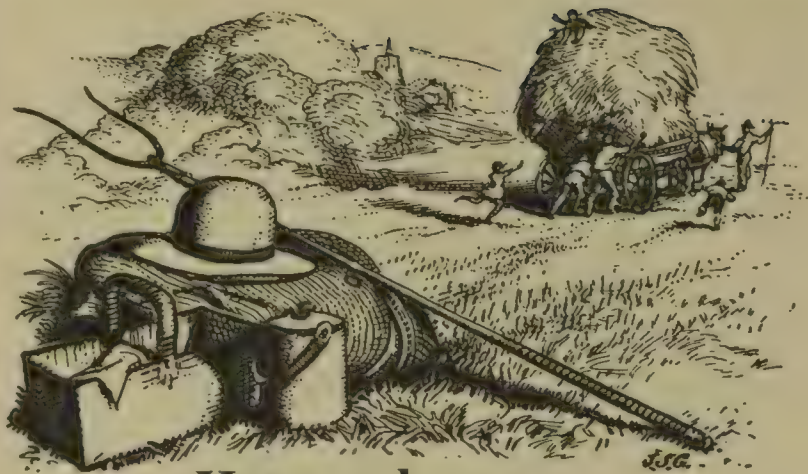
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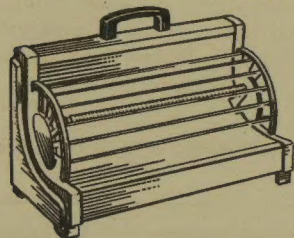
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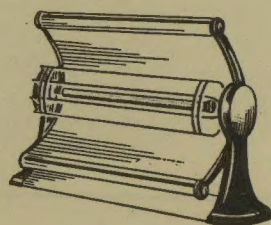
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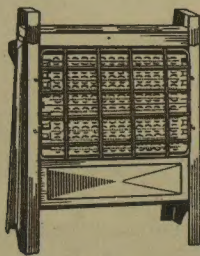
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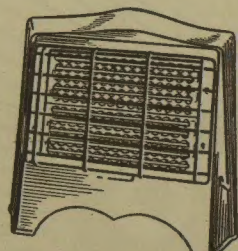
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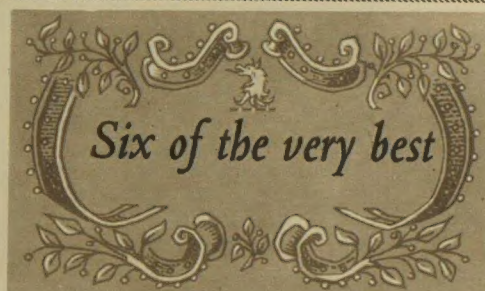
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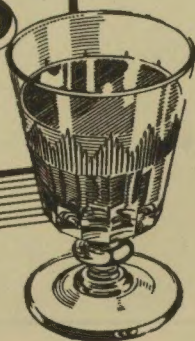




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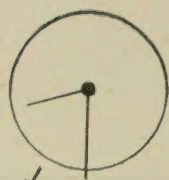
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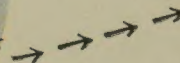
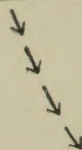
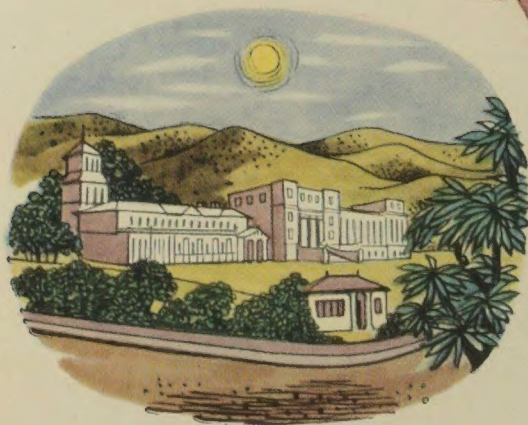
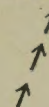
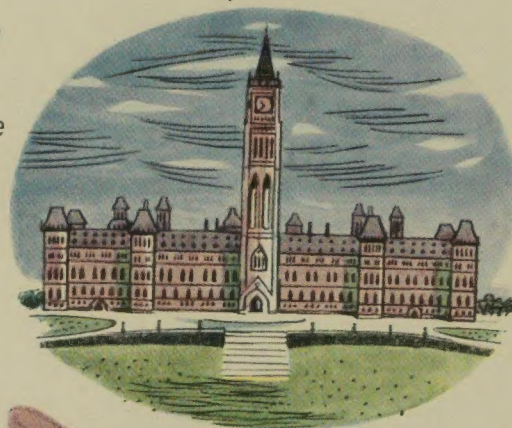
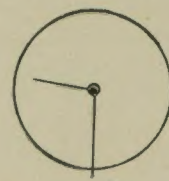
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